

THE
Life and Adventures
OF
BENJAMIN BRASS.
AN
Irish Fortune-Hunter.

IN TWO VOLUMES,

VOLUME II.

L O N D O N:

Printed for W. NICOLL, in St. PAUL'S
CHURCH-YARD.

MDCCLXV.

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MDCCLXXI

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O F

V O L U M E II.

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In which Brads makes a dreadful discovery, with other extraordinary matters.

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T H E
Life and Adventures
O F
B E N J A M I N B R A S S .

C H A P. I.

*In which is related the several incidents
that happened to Fitzpatrick, in the
performance of his penance.*

HAVING accompanied our
young adventurer through the
labyrinth of the law, and
again restored him to his liberty, we
will, before we enter upon the impor-
tant matters we have yet to relate,
here give give our readers an account,

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B

how

how Fitzpatrick performed the penance he inflicted upon himself, to prevent the dire effects of the impending cross-day.

The saline quality of the water which Fitzpatrick had soaked his feet in, the day before his intended bare-foot perambulation, for some time had the desired effect; but, before he had compleated one mile, which was but the eighth part of his penance, his feet began to lament the absence of their accustomed friends, the neats leather and nails; and as a cold caught in the feet generally flies up to the head, so the pain he now felt in those parts, communicated itself to his features; every step being answered by a wry mouth. However, he resolved Satan should not subdue him for want of enduring a little smart; and as he was likewise determined neither to give
 well himself

himself or the Devil any quarter in this important contest, he concluded the best way to be as little sensible of pain as possible, would be to divert himself from taking notice of it.

Accordingly, he fixed upon singing, whistling, and praying, as sovereign specificks against pain; unfortunately, he was debarred from swearing, as he had made this a holy-day, or else it is probable, he had diverted himself a considerable way farther than he did. But by the time he had prayed, whistled and sung away another mile, he was obliged to halt, and pick the gravel and stones out of his feet, as careful as travellers do their horses after a day's journey.

Fitzpatrick having again clasped his knife, which was the instrument he picked his feet with, began to reflect

that the sand and gravel would again take possession of the holes, and make an addition to the pain he then felt; to prevent which, he took a large half-chewed quid of tobacco from his mouth, and having moistened it with a brinish kind of liquid, he stuffed it into all the holes, as cooks sometimes stuff a buttock of beef.

Having applauded himself for this sagacious expedient, and filled his cheek with a fresh handful of mundungus, he again set forward, and in the space of half an hour, with much difficulty, compleated another mile; having had all the way, from the heat of the weather and the smart he endured, a copious perspiration.

Here Fitzpatrick again halted, and got astride a gate, that he might the better examine the state of the parts
aggrieved

aggrieved ; having had a very sensible encrease of pain for the last half mile ; but before he opened his knife, he entered into a debate with himself, whether it would be proper to disturb the stuffing or not ; which at length ended in a resolution to overhall the premisses ; accordingly, after his knife had informed him that all the pickled tobacco balls had abandoned their cells, and that stones and sand were again lodged in the cavities, and likewise, that all the skin of the soles of his feet had taken its leave ; he began to repent of fixing upon so illjudged a penance, which was so improperly adapted to his bulk. However, perseverance being one of his particular characteristics, he resolved to proceed ; therefore he once more ejected the stones and gravel from their possessions ; but as he was now got into the marrow of his quid, and likewise

found that it stood no chance of maintaining its quarters, he resolved to save his friend the tobacco, and let his feet take their chance. But before he sat out, it came into his head, that his coat and waistcoat made no small addition to the weight his feet were to support, and which he concluded was one cause of their present skinless condition; therefore he immediately stripped them from his back; and having formed them into a bundle, put them upon his head, encouraged by the notion that he was lighter by his coat and waistcoat being placed on his head, than he was when they were upon his back.

This true son of Hibernia, once more urged his way up Highgate Hill; and having advanced about a quarter of a mile, his pains became so acute that he was obliged to stop, and supporting

porting himself against a rail that was fixed up to prevent passengers from falling into a ditch, the faithless fence gave way, and Fitzpatrick fell backwards into the ditch. It is true, it was not such a one as that which surrounds the Tower of London; nor was it a dry ditch; but unfortunately, at this time, it was about four feet deep in water and mud.

Fitzpatrick having, like Falstaff, an alacrity in sinking, soon felt the bottom; but not boasting a mien, like Smedley, of Dunciad memory, no mud nymph sucked him in; but floundering a-while, like the clown in the cascade, he at length gained the dry ground; having shaken himself, a dreadful execration stood quivering upon his lips, against the broken fence, for giving him such a fall; but, remembering it was a fast day, the rail

escaped being consigned to the fiery regions below.

The uncomfortable condition this unhappy pilgrim was now in, made him think the Devil would prove too hard for him, and finding it impossible for him to compleat his penance, in walking back again to London, he gathered up his coat and waistcoat, which fortunately had been pitched from his head a little distance from the ditch, and seeing a candle through a window of a little hovel, not far from him, he resolved to give up the contest.

Accordingly, he directed his steps towards the light, and though it was scarce a hundred yards from him, yet so painful was every step to him, that he had some notion of endeavouring to walk there upon his hands; but

not

not having learned that art, he was obliged to limp it on his feet.

Being at length arrived at the door, and having knocked, without its having been opened unto him, he lifted the latch and entered. The spectacle Fitzpatrick exhibited, having his cloathes upon his head, and his face and shirt covered with mud, together with his silent tread, from his having no shoes, would probably have frightened a bolder person than whom he now encountered, which was an old woman sitting spinning. This industrious matron having cast her eyes upon Fitzpatrick, instantly gave a shriek, and in her fright threw down both the spinning wheel and the candle. But Fitzpatrick calling out to her not to be frightened, happily suspended her senses, which were just taking their flight. However, she continued scream-

ing in such a manner that Fitzpatrick was almost as much frightened as she, and was upon the point of setting up a howl in chorus with her. But a man's voice enquiring what was the matter, put an end to the noise ; and the woman gained so much courage as to reply, there was either a Devil or a Ghost just come in. Fitzpatrick assured the person he was a man, as he might be ; and that he had been robbed, murdered, and thrown into a ditch, as he might be ; and that he had only called there for a little assistance, as he might do. Upon which, the man, who was the old woman's husband, ordered his wife to light the candle ; accordingly, she applied herself to the tinder-box, and soon restored the taper to its former lustre.

The appearance of Fitzpatrick, now manifested the truth of his relation,
so

so far as his having been concerned with the ditch ; and upon the testimony of his shoeless feet, he likewise received credit for the robbery.

The fears of the matron of the hovel having subsided, pity and lamentation for Fitzpatrick's misfortune succeeded, and he was assured of all the assistance the hovel afforded ; and presently an old pair of shoes were brought him. But Fitzpatrick, shaking his head, assured his kind benefactor that he had walked near two miles barefoot, and that he had not so much as a sixpenny-piece of skin left upon the soles of his feet. This information produced much compassion, and by his friend's persuasion, he consented to have them washed with vinegar.

This painful operation being over, and the good woman having tied up his feet in some linen, and over that the remains of an old flannel petticoat, Fitzpatrick began to wish himself in London again; wisely observing, his appearance in the succeeding morning would create him a retinue of boys, however, his host advised him to have patience and wait till some carriage should come by, that might give him a lift.

This advice was too agreeable for Fitzpatrick to object to; and, at the request of his kind friends, and by the encouragement of a large glass of brandy, he gave them a long and lamentable account of the supposed robbery, which he said was committed upon him by five foot pads; and that, for his having made an obstinate resistance, they had stripped him of his cloathes, after taking

taking what money he had about him, which he said was ten guineas, in a leathern purse, that his master had sent him in the beginning of the evening to pay a gentleman at Highgate, but that having met with a friend, he had staid some hours longer than he ought to have done, and that, after the robbers had taken his cloaths and money, they likewise took his shoes from him to prevent his pursuing them, and then threw him into a ditch; but said the robbers not thinking his cloaths worth their carriage they returned them.

By the time Fitzpatrick had finished this marvellous story, his ears were saluted with the smack of a whip, and the rattling of wheels; upon which his friend the host of the hovel went to the door, and told the driver of the carriage, which happened to be a
hearse,

hearse, of the situation of his guest, and begged, if he was going to London, to carry him with him; upon which the driver told him, he was welcome to get into the hearse: by this time Fitzpatrick was arrived at the door, and seeing what he imagined was a carriage for the quick, was a vehicle for the dead, he was struck with horror at the thoughts of entering this forerunner of a funeral, and immediately imagined it foreboded his interment, and that he had not long to remain out of the churchyard.

But lest our readers should, from this circumstance, suppose Fitzpatrick to be of a timid constitution, we will take this opportunity to declare, that in all affairs, where cross-days, spirits, and such like prejudices of education, were

were not concerned, he was a man of real courage.

Fitzpatrick's host having congratulated him upon the opportunity of having a safe conveyance to London, and the driver of the hearse being dismounted, this dismayed son of superstition found he should lay under the imputation of cowardice, if he refused to accept the offer, and remembering how he had magnified his courage in relating his encounter with the robbers, he resolved to put as good a face upon his fears as possible, and thanked the driver for the favour; though Fitzpatrick had much rather have walked to London in his flannel mufflers, than to have accepted it. The driver assured him he was very welcome to go into the hearse, but that as he had an empty coffin within it, which he was carrying to
London,

London, he must be content to lay in it. The mentioning of the coffin, bedewed Fitzpatrick's face with a cold sweat, and totally destroyed the small portion of his courage he had assumed. Whether his friend perceived his fears or not, we cannot say, but however, he now put a large glass of brandy in his hand, which Fitzpatrick having drank off, and finding his invetion refused to assist him with any expedient to evade his taking possession of the habitation of death, he resolved to enter the coffin.

Accordingly, the coffin was brought out, Fitzpatrick all this time praying to St. Patrick to make it too little for him; however, the Saint was deaf to his supplications, for it proved to be about his own size.

Fitzpatrick

Fitzpatrick finding it was the will of fate, and Saint Patrick, that he should enter the coffin, took his host by the hand, and looking upon his face for some time with a most fearful aspect, at length broke from him, and, without speaking a word laid himself along in the coffin.. The reason why Fitzpatrick so silently entered the coffin, arose from a conflict he had just had with himself, whether he should request his host to pray for him or not ; several times the words pray for me, forced themselves to his lips, and it was as much as he could do to prevent their bursting forth ; but being at length resolved to suppress them, he determined not to open his lips, lest they should rush out and betray his fears. The driver of the hearse, and the host of the hovel, having, with much difficulty, put Fitzpatrick and the coffin into the hearse, and the driver

driver having unbolted the flap of the other end that he might not want air, he mounted the box and drove off.

Scarce had Fitzpatrick been bolted in this repository of the dead, when all the horrors of death's heads, winding sheets and ghosts, took possession of his imagination, and totally destroyed the power of the brandy; and so strongly had they engaged all his faculties, that all his endeavours to say his Ave-Marys and Pater-nosters were ineffectual, so that he concluded his good genius had forsaken him, and that he should be tormented with spirits for neglecting to perform his penance. These apprehensions had such an effect upon him, that in less than a quarter of an hour he was almost reduced to a jelly. When suddenly, as the hearse was going in a slow and solemn manner, upon a fine level ground, and all
was

was silent, Fitzpatrick was alarmed with a strange rustling within the hearse, which his fears construed to be horrid groans, and supposed that the ghost of the person who was to be buried in the coffin, was entering to him to demand its habitation; upon which he shut his mouth, that the spirit might not hear him breathe; the noise being again repeated, he attempted to pray; but his fears rendered him unable, so that he now expected a leg or an arm would be torn from his body; in this dreadful expectation he lay some time, almost dead with fear, when presently the rustling, accompanied with strange sounds, again invaded his ears, ten times louder than before. He was unable to contain himself any longer, but called out as he loud as could, spare my life, and take the coffin --- coachman--spare my life and take the coffin--coachman --

--coachman. But the driver being now got upon the stones in Islington, did not hear him, and Fitzpatrick's fears being encreased by the dismal sound of his own voice within the hearse, he gave a loose to his hands and feet as well as his tongue, and belaboured the sides of the hearse with the utmost fury; upon which the driver called out to know what was the matter, but the uproar Fitzpatrick continued prevented his hearing him; therefore the driver dismounted, and damning Fitzpatrick, asked him what was the matter, Fitzpatrick roared out---pull me out--pull me out--the ghost--the Devil--pull me out.--The driver being something vexed, bid him get out himself and be damned.

Accordingly, he tumbled over the side of the coffin, and threw himself out of the hearse, without any fear of
breaking

breaking his neck ; and having gained his legs, supported himself by laying hold of the driver of the hearse, trembling, like the clown at the sight of the skeleton.

Fitzpatrick having acquainted the driver of the habitation of spirits, that a ghost had bid him quit the coffin upon pain of tearing him limb from limb, the driver damned him for a cowardly son of a whore, and said he supposed the chickens had frightened him ; which in reality were the authors of Fitzpatrick's fears, for the driver having some live fowls to bring to London, had put them in a basket at the upper end of the hearse, but had unfortunately forgot to acquaint Fitzpatrick with that circumstance ; and the fowls beginning to salute the return of daylight, occasioned Fitzpatrick's notion of a ghost's being entered

tered the hearse. The driver having mounted his box, and told Fitzpatrick he might get to London as he could, whipped his horses and left the frightened pilgrim standing in the middle of the road in his flannel mufflers.

Fitzpatrick having a little recovered himself, determined to go to a publick house he saw open, and wait till some conveyance should pass to carry him to London; the house Fitzpatrick went to being kept open for the reception of Irish haymakers, he here spent his time with his countrymen in a more agreeable manner than he had in the coffin, drowning the remembrance of his late fears in a couple of pots of porter; here Fitzpatrick staid till eleven o'clock in the morning, no conveyance passing that would have any thing to do with him, till at length a hay cart passing by, he prevailed upon
the

the driver to let him mount upon the top of it, and which luckily passing along the street Fitzpatrick lodged in, set him down at Brass's lodgings, where he found the porter Brass had sent, waiting for his arrival, who related to him our young adventurer's misfortune; upon which Fitzpatrick took the resolution to prevail upon two of his brethren of the strap to convey him to the justice's in a chair; where, reader, we have already acquainted thee with his arrival. And having thus given thee a faithful account of every incident that befel the squire of our hero, in his attempt to frustrate the fatal effects of the cross-day, we will conclude this chapter.

CHAP.

C H A P. II.

In which Brads makes a dreadful discovery, with other extraordinary matters.

OUR young adventurer, and his kinsman the future commissioner, having extricated themselves out of the difficulties they had been involved in, and notwithstanding Fitzpatrick had not compleated the penance he had enjoined himself to perform, yet he concluded the great loss his feet had sustained, and his grievous sufferings in the coffin, would mollify the heart of his evil genius the cross-day; and when he reflected that it had already given him evident tokens of kindness, in rendering him the object of lady Manlove's affections, he bid adieu to sorrow and care, and entirely forgot his fears in the coffin.

As

As for Brads his spirits revived with the return of his liberty, and being now arrived within a few hours of his interview with Mrs. Wealthy, he likewise took leave of care and tribulation, and laughed at the former terrors of the halter.

But alas! how short is the duration of human happiness! for Brads now going to explore the contents of his purse which contained their whole fortune, 'twas then our unlucky hero first found that it had been purloined from him; and indeed it was now in possession of a nimble fingered knight of the industry, resident in the castle where Brads had spent his last evening; after these unhappy sons of misfortune had silently stared upon each other for some minutes, Fitzpatrick broke the silence, and poured forth a torrent of curses against his

mortal enemy the cross-day, Brads declaring that he had felt the purse in his pocket that morning when he arose from his Bed.

The time being near at hand when Brads was to meet Mrs. Wealthy at Ranelagh, a serious debate ensued upon what was to be done, which at length ended in Fitzpatrick's distraining from the wardrobe Brads's first suit of gentility, and pulling off the flannel mufflers from his feet, with much difficulty once more got his shoes on : the pain of his feet, and the pain of necessity, now forced from this faithful squire a heavy sigh ; but however, bundling up the devoted pledges, and shaking Brads by the hand, he swore by the eternal joys of heaven, he would not give over the chace while the ship had two planks together ; and that if it rained cross-days,

as

as fast as grape shot flew about his ears when he was aboard the Royal Oak, he'd fight it to the last, or sink to the bottom with her. Fitzpatrick having made this heroic speech, immediately departed, leaving Brás to prepare for Ranielagh.

In less than a quarter of an hour, our hero's cousin returned to him, and once more taking hold of his hand, left therein a couple of guineas; though this recruit did not make amends for the loss of the purse, wherein were six guineas, yet they concluded it would infallibly last them till their fortunes were made.

Brás being drest, and the wished for hour arrived, Fitzpatrick proposed, for the benefit of his feet, their taking a coach, it being resolved Fitzpatrick should accompany him, that

he might be at hand to assist Brads with his council in case of necessity ; accordingly, a coach was procured, and Fitzpatrick, agreeable to the custom of party coloured gentlemen, took his station behind it ; and being arrived at Ranelagh, Brads entered the rotunda, and left Fitzpatrick to enjoy the pleasures of imagination, and a tankard of entire butt.

Brads having entered the rotunda, immediately repaired to the box the letter directed him to, but not finding the lady who was in possession of the gold and silver mines, he resolved to take a walk round the rotunda to shew himself, being now by the assistance of Mr. Measure, and the sale of Fitzpatrick's chair, in a capacity to mingle among the beau monde, without making any disagreeable comparisons.

By

By the time he had compleated his circular tour, the wife of Mr. Wealthy entered the rotunda, alone ; Brass instantly advanced to meet her, and after a few compliments, handed her to the box they had appointed to met at, where in the most passionate terms he confirmed with his tongue the former declaration of his eyes ; nor was the lady backward in acknowledging the pleasure she received in this encounter. Tea being ordered, the lovers past a most agreeable tete a tete, Brass feasting his eyes with gazing on the wondrous beauty of this love inspiring fair, and “ drinking from her “ eyes resistless love.” Nor was he less charmed with the ornaments of her person, particularly admiring as she poured the tea, a diamond ring which glittered on her finger, and strove to emulate the lustre of her eyes. Here this happy pair for

some time indulged such delights as youthful lovers prove in exchanging amorous glances and tender expressions. But Brass soon feeling an impulse to prove those joys which Mrs. Wealthy was capable of giving, and he imagined not averse to receive; he proposed to remove to a place where they might enjoy each others company in privacy; the lady after a feigned reluctance, at length consented; but as Brass was at a loss where to conduct the lady, he was obliged to apply to Fitzpatrick for his advice, and leaving Mrs. Wealthy in a place of safety, went in search of his faithful mentor, whom, to his surprize, he found engaged in a dreadful combat with a rawboned coachman from the highlands of Scotland.

And as it may not be displeasing to the reader, to have a particular account

count of the circumstances that could induce Fitzpatrick to proceed to the extremity of blows at so critical a time, we will here give it them.

Fitzpatrick on the departure of his cousin into the rotunda, immediately entered an alehouse adjacent, where calling for a full pot and taking possession of a box, he patiently sat in expectation of his cousin's calling upon him; in a short time the room was filled with gentlemen of the whip, who were in waiting for the company at Ranelagh house.

The extravagant size of Fitzpatrick's livery coat, in proportion to his own size, made him resemble his former occupation of a chairman; and many jokes were thrown out against him, as there is a natural antipathy betwixt a coachman and a chairman,

however, Fitzpatrick was insensible to every thing but the tune of Ally Croaker, which he was whistling with great pleasure. The coachmen judging, from the air of his face and the air he was whistling, that Fitzpatrick was an Irishman, directed their wit against that part of Fitzpatrick, and he being a little fore there, his blood boiled so, that he could scarce keep in his tune ; but run from Ally Croaker to the Children in the Wood, and from thence to Shamboy, and then again to Ally Croaker. The coachmen having diverted themselves with Fitzpatrick's musical medley for some time, next resolved to have a little serious humour with him, and presently a conversation was begun upon the particular virtue of Irish potatoes.

Fitzpatrick thinking the conversation was serious, joined with the gentlemen
of

of the whip, and spoke largely in favour of the productions of his country, declaring they were superior to every thing the earth produced. A Scotch coachman happening to sit in the same box, Fitzpatrick's last speech roused his Caledonian blood, and he told Fitzpatrick there was another thing made from a production of the earth, that had more virtue, and was far preferable to potatoes of any country whatever; and that, he said, was oatmeal. This assertion produced a hot dispute between Fitzpatrick and the coachman. The Caledonian insisting that oatmeal had the superiority, and the Hibernian as warmly maintaining the preference to be in favour of the potatoes; but Fitzpatrick not being able to prove philosophically that there was more virtue in potatoes than in oatmeal, he was confined to a simple negative, and flatly denied what-

ever the coachman advanced, who on the conclusion of an oration he had made, with great emphasis of speech, swore there was no comparison betwixt oatmeal and potatoes. Fitzpatrick finding his antagonist had too much tongue for him, and being wound up to the highest pitch, in hearing the productions of his country run down, suddenly found two words in his mouth which he was sensible would terminate the dispute; but which he was also sensible would impeach the goodness of his breeding, if they should escape him: thrice he endeavoured to suppress them, but as often found them betwixt his teeth, and lips, and at the instant the Scotchman declared there was no comparison between oatmeal and potatoes, out rushed the two words, which, though of very small size, are of very large import, and which were those two significant

significant syllables, you lye. The moment the Scotchman received those two dangerous words, which had struck him full in the teeth, he got up from his seat, and addressing himself to Fitzpatrick, said, deal gang wi you mon, but ise gar you know what it is to give a Scotsman the lee, and with great deliberation proceeded to strip himself into buff. As soon as Fitzpatrick found the above words had escaped him, he knew he was bound in honour to stand by them, and the moment the Scotchman rose, up leapt Fitzpatrick, and seeing his antagonist was preparing for combat, he in the utmost haste and impatience stripped off his cloaths and in an instant appeared in buff, and by the time a ring was formed the coachman entered the lists. The combatants being opposed to each other, the calm intrepidity of the Scotchman, compared to the heat and

impatience of Fitzpatick, gave him manifestly the advantage, and the room echoed with the offer of bets on the side of Oatmeal, which coming to Fitzpatrick's ears, gave fire to his indignation, and instantly aiming a blow at the Scotchman's face, which had it taken effect, would in all probability have terminated the dispute, but by the cunning of his antagonist, who artfully stepped back at the moment the blow fell, it was lost in the air, and before Fitzpatrick could recover himself, the coachman fixed a blow on his right temple that made him reel. Now the room resounded with odds in favour of Oatmeal.

Fitzpatrick being sensible of his disgrace, resolved to shew that if he had not so much art as his antagonist, that he was not inferior in strength; and with the utmost fury threw himself

self upon the coachman, and each of them clasping the other, a dreadful trial of skill and strength ensued, which at length ended in Fitzpatrick's giving his antagonist so compleat a fall, that the house rocked from the force of it; a few voices now encouraged Fitzpatrick, by offering even bets on the side of Potatoes.

The Scotchman being got up, his countenance manifested his chagrin; on the *second sett-to*, it was evident the coachman was unwilling to close with his antagonist, and that he was resolved to keep him to *fair fighting*. On Fitzpatrick's side, he was sensible it was his *work* to avoid *strait fighting*, and to come to close quarters; accordingly, after many feints to get within the coachman's guard, to no purpose, he resolved to break through it, and again embrace him. The coachman
per-

perceiving his design, resolved, if possible, to frustrate it; and Fitzpatrick rushing upon him with all his fury, neglected his guard, and gave the Scotchman an opportunity to *place* a fair blow upon his left cheek, which *settled* him on the ground. Now the room once more ecchoed with Oatmeal, Oatmeal for ever.

Fitzpatrick having recovered his legs, found the violence of the blow had drove his quid down his throat, and that two of his cheek teeth had accompanied it. However, shame and indignation, overcoming pain and a sense of farther danger, he resolved to continue the combat; and happening at this instant to see his cousin Brads enter the room, he conceived a short prayer to Saint Patrick, and again fronted his enemy, resolving to close with him the first opportunity;
and

and accordingly, under an appearance of his intending to keep to *strait fighting*, he deceived the coachman, and seizing a fair opportunity, once more clasped him. The coachman endeavoured all in his power to disengage himself, but in vain; and Fitzpatrick having writhed his antagonist from side to side some time, at length got him upon his hip, and gave him a most dreadful fall, himself contriving to fall with his knees in the coachman's belly. Now loud roared the spectators, Potatoes, Potatoes for ever, which was silenced, by somebody's declaring the coachman was dead. But it happily proved only a suspension of his senses; however, he was obliged to be carried up to bed; and Fitzpatrick was, in consequence declared victor.

The

The tumult being a little over, Brás acquainted Fitzpatrick with his situation, and requested his advice in his conduct to Mrs. Wealthy. Fitzpatrick advised him by all means to take her to a bagnio. Accordingly, Brás ordered him to procure a coach as soon as possible, and then returned to Mrs. Wealthy.

Fitzpatrick having received the congratulations of the company on this victory, and spent some time in exultation, thought it requisite to collect his cloaths, and attend Brás and his future bride. Accordingly, he began to bustle about the room in search of his cloaths, with as much impatience as he had stripped them off; but not being able readily to find them, or so much as any single part of them, his forehead began to wrinkle, and his choler to rise; and, after having spent
a con-

a considerable time in examining every part of the room upon his hands and knees, and searching every place both possible and impossible, to the great entertainment of the gentlemen of the whip and others, without being able to find them, he concluded that some of the company had taken the liberty to secret them, and as he was looking up to the cieling for them, a general laughter confirmed his suspicions; upon which he taxed the whole company with having hid his cloaths, and concluded with a challenge to box the best man amongst them. But as they had all been spectators of Fitzpatrick's prowess, no one accepted it.

Brafs by this time returned again, was surprized to see Fitzpatrick still in buff, and being informed of the reason of it, assured Fitzpatrick that so long a delay might give Mrs. Wealthy some unfavourable suspicions of him,
and

and said he was resolved not to return to her till he had a coach, and that it would be necessary likewise for him to accompany them to a bagnio, as he was an entire stranger to such houses.

Fitzpatrick having wished himself and the Scotchman both at the Devil, at length took the resolution to request the landlord to lend him a coat and hat for the evening, but he being a Scotchman, was not inclined to do any favour for one who had proved that potatoes were preferable to oatmeal, and consequently refused him, and at the same time desired he would go about his business, for that he was going to shut up his doors; and after Fitzpatrick had once more searched every hole and corner in the room, for his cloathes to no purpose, he departed the house without either hat, wig, coat, waistcoat or shirt.

As

As soon as Brads and Fitzpatrick had left the house, they entered into a debate upon what was to be done, which at length ended in a resolution, that Brads should engage a coach to carry him and Mrs. Wealthy to a bagnio in Covent Garden, and that Fitzpatrick should take a proper opportunity to get up behind it. Accordingly, Brads soon procured a coach, and handed Mrs. Wealthy into it, giving the coachman directions where to carry them.

By the time the coach had got a dozen yards, Fitzpatrick mounted behind it, and hoped under favour of the night, he should escape unobserved ; but unfortunately, he was espied by some unlucky boys, who immediately bawled out, a cut behind, a cut behind ; the coachman accordingly, began with great success, to cut Fitzpatrick's

patrick's back and shoulders with the whip, and, notwithstanding he made signs to him that he belonged to the company in the coach, yet he proceeded to exercise his whip so successfully, that at length he obliged Fitzpatrick to disappear, which he did by sitting down on the frame of the coach, bent almost double; the coachman imagining he had drove Fitzpatrick fairly off, returned to the discipline of his horses. As for Fitzpatrick, burning with rage and smart, he vowed revenge upon the coachman, for the whipping he had so plentifully bestowed upon him.

Whilst Fitzpatrick was comforting his back and shoulders, with an assurance that they should have ample vengeance, he was overtaken by a violent shower of rain, accompanied with thunder and lightning. From this
mis-

misfortune there was no flying ; the dreadful claps of thunder and flashes of lightning, that attended a very heavy shower of rain, almost deprived him of his senses, the water running out of his breeches knees like a spout. When suddenly a large gleam or sheet of lightning spread such a terror over him, that he dropped from his seat into the road, but instantly recovering his legs, he took the resolution to get into the boot of the coach ; this happy thought made him fly to the coachman for admission, but the coachman returned him no other answer to his request than by giving him two or three severe cuts with his whip, upon which Fitzpatrick run to the horses heads and stopped them.

Brafs finding the coach was stopped, and hearing Fitzpatrick's voice parlying with the coachman, enquired
what

what was the matter, which Fitzpatrick informing him, he told the coachman it was his servant who wanted to go into the boot, and desired he would permit him. The coachman alledged many frivolous reasons for not admitting him, but Fitzpatrick being got upon the coach-box, to him, and seizing him by the collar, swore if it was not for his master's being in the coach, he would have broke his neck down for whipping him, and next assured him if he offered to prevent his going into the boot, he would break his neck. The coachman not choosng to put Fitzpatrick's word to the trial, quietly suffered him to get into the boot.

Fitzpatrick being under cover, had now leisure to reflect on his situation and the loss of his cloaths, which, with lamenting the variety of his pains,
and

and cursing the coachman, took up his thoughts till they were arrived in Covent Garden. About which time, Fitzpatrick thought he felt something like a coat under him in the boot, and examining farther, found it was really a coat, which he supposed was one of the coachman's, and resolved it should pay for his whipping; accordingly he put it on, and being by this time arrived at the bagnio, and a candle being brought, Fitzpatrick perceived, that what he had taken for the coachman's, was his own identical coat; in the first transports of his joy he felt such emotions as Sancho did in the recovery of his ass. Fitzpatrick wisely judging that the remaining part of his cloaths had accompanied his coat, began to grope about, and to his great joy found every individual thing he had lost.

Having

Having wondered at the great wisdom of St. Patrick, who he made no doubt had raised that dreadful storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, on purpose to direct him to his cloaths, he directly dispatched a pious thanksgiving to him, by which time Brass and his lady were entered the bagnio.

Fitzpatrick being again dressed, told the coachman, his civility in taking care of his cloaths should make amends for the stripes he had given his back and shoulders, and said, if he had had time he would have given him a tankard of beer for his kindness; and after very cordially shaking him by the hand, assured him, if ever they met again, they would not part with dry lips.

Soon after, Brass and Mrs. Wealthy arrived in the bagnio, a genteel entertainment

tainment was ordered from the tavern, which Fitzpatrick was sensible would cut deep into their present fortune, and imagined a plate or two of cold beef would have done as well as the expensive kickshaws which were ordered, especially as he saw by Mrs. Wealthy's dress her husband was yet a sojourner in the land of the living. This reflection greatly damped Fitzpatrick's spirits, but however, he comforted himself with the thoughts that Mrs. Wealthy could do no less than make Brads a present of a handsome purse of guineas for the pleasures of the night.

Supper being served, our young hero and his fair companion sat down to it, and Brads, according to his wonted custom, failed not to do honour to the repast, but as other things engaged the attention of the lady, she only piddled for company sake, nor was

Fitzpatrick who waited, sorry for her want of appetite, as his was by this time equal to his master's. During the time Fitzpatrick waited, he amused himself with making an estimate of what he could raise upon the dress and ornaments of Mrs. Wealthy, which according to his computation would produce a considerable sum, and heartily wished they were stowed alongside Brass's blue and gold. Supper being ended, Brass and his future bride were left to the delights of love and claret.

And now reader think thou see'st our young adventurer wantoning in all the luxury of love, no sense clamouring to be gratified, but all employed and in a tumult of delight, for who can express the joys of the burning kiss, or tell the sweetness of the nectarious distillation of her lip? Who describe

scribe the whiteness of her swelling breasts, giving rapture to the sight, and transport to the touch? Or how express the delight conveyed to the ear, by the musick of her tongue; whilst the perfumes of Arabia diffused fragrance around and gratified the smell! Brags being soon wound up to that pitch of desire, which nothing but fruition could restrain, circled his arms around his fair companion, and with furious haste conveyed her to the next room, where he enjoyed those extacies to which his former pleasures had been preparative; our young Hibernian not being one of those whose debilitated constitutions are cloyed with bare taste of pleasure, declared that he could not think of parting with her till the morning. The lady urged, that though her husband would not return from the country till the next day, yet said it would not be

proper for her to lay out of the house, especially as his sister was in town, and utterly impracticable to escape being detected from her jealous disposition ; but Brads still persevered in his resolution to be the partner of her bed for the night, and as he easily perceived all her fears were feigned, and that she only wanted the appearance of being forced to warrant her compliance, he gave the necessary orders in the house, and after desiring Fitzpatrick to be with him in the morning, he locked the door of the room, and soon proved so powerful an advocate in the cause of love, that she relinquished her fears, and consented to devote the night to pleasure in our young hero's arms ; and as Brads's particular excellence lay in administering pleasure to the fair sex, we make no doubt but she was gratified with more than the glimmerings of joy.

CHAP.

C H A P. III.

In which Mrs. Wealthy is in great distress.

LONG before Brass and his fair paramour had opened their eyes to encrease the brightness of a fine midsummer morn, Fitzpatrick descended from his hammock, being just returned from a journey to the land of dreams, where he had been digging guineas out of the earth as plenty as they do potatoes in Ireland, and forry he was that he had not staid in so charming a country till the last day, however, he looked upon his golden dream as an omen of the office of a commissioner being near at hand, and which he perswaded himself would almost immediately follow his inter-

view with lady Manlove, which was to be that evening.

But alas, Fitzpatrick, little didst thou consider that what is found in that delusive country, frequently has no existence any where else, thy pennyless pockets would have told thee so; 'tis time when thou threw'st down the salt-seller soon after descending from thy hammock, thy spirits, which thy dream had raised to extreme joy, sunk below the waistband of thy breeches, and oblige thee to go in tick for two glasses of lethe to prevent thy remembrance of so ill an omen, but which however, could not prevent thy impending fortune.

Brass and his lady having by some hours sleep recruited their wasted spirits, arose, and after they were dressed repaired to an adjacent room to
breakfast;

breakfast; but scarce had they sat down, when the lady missed her diamond ring from her finger; upon this discovery she directly flew into the bed-chamber in search of it, and removed the bed-cloaths over and over, and examined every corner of the room, but in vain: from thence Brags accompanied her into the room where they had supped, and they carefully inspected the chairs, and ordered the room to be swept, but the ring was not to be found; upon this the lady was obliged to have recourse to some hartshorn to suspend her senses from taking their leave. Brags tenderly lamented her misfortune and begged she would compose herself. The lady having a little recovered herself from the fright, declared she did not value losing the ring, though it cost her husband twenty guineas, but that Mr. Wealthy was not only very cove-

tous but likewise extremely jealous, and would not fail to miss it, which would be attended with the worst consequences imaginable. Brags could do nothing but condole with her, but declared if she could devise any means to prevent the impending danger, he would not hesitate a moment to do every thing in his power to relieve her. The lady expressed her acknowledgments of the favour, but said she was afraid the ring was irrecoverably lost, and that she thought she felt it go off her finger when he first began to be rude with her in the coach. Upon recollecting this circumstance the tears trickled down her cheeks. Brags's heart was not so obdurate as the diamond she so painfully laments, therefore he again declared, if any expedient could be invented he would be a willing instrument to relieve her. Upon this the lady began to ruminate
what

what could be done, and shortly after declared a jeweller in her neighbourhood had a few days before offered her a ring for ten guineas, which was exactly like hers, and immediately pulled out her purse, but found that she had only a guinea and a half and some silver, and declared, she should not mind if it had cost her a hundred pounds, if it had happened a few days hence, as she should receive a considerable sum of money by that time ; but added, if she was to borrow ten guineas of any acquaintance, it would give suspicion. After Brads and the lady had mourned over this unlucky consequence of their pleasure for some time, the lady at length took the resolution to ask her gallant the favour he had been unable to offer, and with great confusion requested he would furnish her with ten guineas to preserve her reputation, and

assured him if a hundred pounds would be of any service to him she would in three days time oblige him with it. What could Brads do? could he refuse any thing to a lady who had sacrificed every thing to oblige him. If he betrayed his real circumstances it would entirely destroy the hope he had of succeeding Mr. Wealthy, besides he was the cause of the lady's distress. Therefore he at once took the resolution to assure her of his compliance with her request, and to depend upon fate and Fitzpatrick for the performance of it, and instantly told her the money should be at her service, and at the same time said he would send his servant for it, not having so much about him; and without waiting for a reply, departed in search of his faithful friend and cousin, whom he found in an apartment by himself, ballancing the ill omen of
 spilling

spilling the salt against the happy presages of his golden dream. But scarce had he cast his eyes upon Brass's countenance, which strongly denoted some new misfortune, and seeing him on entrance fasten the door, the omen of the salt instantly weighed down the presages of the dream ; and having as usual upon such occasions opened his mouth and ears to their utmost extension, he waited the delivery of the monstrous birth, with which he concluded Brass teemed. And having listened with the utmost silent attention to Brass's woeful relation, he burst into a dreadful execration against the salt for having been in his way, and against himself for throwing it down, concluding with an oath, that if they were to strip themselves naked and wear fig-leaves like their grandfather Adam, their cloaths would not raise half the money ; but said, if Mrs.

Wealthy would consent to strip and bear them company, he would procure her a very large fig-leaf, and likewise get two of his acquaintance to carry her home in a chair, by which means he believed he might be able to raise the money she valued her reputation at; but these expedients being utterly impracticable, Brass paid no regard to them. And having in his account of Mrs. Wealthy's distress omitted to mention that she had declared she would oblige Brass with one hundred pounds in three days in consideration of furnishing her then with ten guineas; he now gave him this stimulating Pill, which being covered with so large a quantity of gold, Fitzpatrick swallowed without making any wry faces; nay so grateful was it to his ears that even a faint ray of sensibility might now be discerned in

in his former vacant countenance, and he declared it would be a pity if so valuable a prize should escape them for want of a little wind. Presently discharging from his mouth a long sucked quid, he swore he would work at the oar till his hands had no more skin than his feet, but he'd come up with her. Fitzpatrick having made this resolution, again filled his mouth with a handful of the produce of Virginia, and Brads having applauded his resolution, Fitzpatrick left the bagnio without saying a word more, being so much employed in projecting the means to acquire the hundred pound, that he had no leisure for the use of his tongue.

Brads relying upon the success of his friend, who had never failed to extricate him out of all his difficulties, repaired

paired to Mrs. Wealthy, and gave her the agreeable information of the speedy return of her happiness, which produced from her all the tender expressions of gratitude and love which truth and simplicity could express. And here for reasons best known to ourselves, we take leave to close this chapter.



C H A P.

C H A P. IV.

In which Fitzpatrick relates a marvellous dream he had, with a word to dreamers.

GENTLE reader, if thou wilt give thyself the trouble to turn thine eyes once more to the road leading to Highgate, thou may'st see that worthy 'squire, and cousin of our Hibernian adventurer, Fitzpatrick, leaning on the three mile stone.

Well assured we are, that thy compassionate heart will pity the skinless feet, of that never enough to be commended friend of Brass's. But as nothing becomes the pen of an historian so much as truth, we have rejected the assistance of fiction, and with the ink
of

of veracity, assure thee, if thou dost see the three mile stone, thou can'st not miss of seeing Fitzpatrick ; but if thou dost not see it, we rely upon the bulwark of thy faith, to believe we would not impose upon thee : and while he rests himself from his painful journey, we will relate to thee where he was journeying unto.

Fitzpatrick having, whilst he was with Brass, taken the resolution to acquire the hundred pounds, by relieving Mrs. Wealthy's distress, revolved in his mind by what means it was to be accomplished ; and having, at the time he discharged the well sucked quid, and replenished his mouth with a fresh one, a sure token of his being determined, projected a scheme, in which his friend who resided in the hovel, from whence he had taken harse for London, two days before, was to assist

assist him ; he resolved to retread his former painful steps, to solicit his assistance : and as Fitzpatrick was sudden to resolve, so was he likewise quick to execute. Therefore, having stufed his shoes with tow, to secure his feet, and prepared every thing requisite to compleat his important plan, he set forward to the hovel ; and having reached the three mile stone, he there stopt, both to rest himself, and to consider what was proper to be said to his friend of the hovel.

Having thus accounted for the phenomenon of Fitzpatrick's appearance again on the Highgate road, and presuming he is by this time something relieved from his fatigue, we will now pursue the thread of these true memoirs,

Fitzpa-

Fitzpatrick, having advanced to that part of the ditch, which two nights before had received him with open arms, he stood a few minutes contemplating the spot, where Satan had discomfited him; and the rail being now again repaired, it seemed to invite him again to rest himself upon it, but Fitzpatrick not being then inclined to drink any ditch-water, said, No hell warm you, I know your tricks too well; and directly bent his steps to the friendly hovel, and fortunately found his kind host at home, who immediately recognized his former guest; and, after compliments had passed on both sides, Fitzpatrick acquainted Mr. Holly (that being the name of his friend of the hovel) with the occasion of his visit; upon which Mr. Holly, who was a gardener, told him he was going to London, and assured him he would do him all the service in his power; and

Mrs.

Mrs. Holly having given each of them a glass of Brandy, they immediately set out for London, Fitzpatrick telling him that time was precious.

During their journey to London, Fitzpatrick, at the instance of Mr. Holly, related how he had past his time in the hearse, declaring, that before they had got a hundred yards, he had fallen asleep in the coffin, and that he had the most charming dream he ever had in his life.

How many people, says Fitzpatrick, would have been frightened to have been wedged in a coffin, and then stowed in a hearse, like a dead corpse, but as for my part, continued he, if the horses had been evil spirits, and the Devil had been the coachman, I should not have been in the least afraid, but have slept as sound, as if I had been
 swinging

swinging between decks in my hammock; but I am sure, adds he, I shall never forget my dream: Fitzpatrick having raised Mr. Holly's curiosity, in repeating the mention of his dream, he begged that he would relate it; upon which Fitzpatrick thus began:

Methought, says he, I was stone dead, and that the hearse was then carrying me to be buried, and after we had gone a few miles, we at last came to a church-yard, where there was a grave ready made, and in which they soon put me, and covered me close over with earth, and upon that put a large handsome tomb stone, on which was engraved my name and age, which was right to an hour; I am sure I shall never forget it. But, says Mr. Holly, did not you think when they put the earth and tomb stone upon you, that you was in danger of being smothered?

thered? Why yes, says Fitzpatrick, for all I knew myself to be dead, I thought I should be stifled for want of air; but just in the nick of time, comes up an angel, with two large wings upon her shoulders, just like the sign of the Angel in St. Giles's, and looking on her, thinks I to myself, I know that face; and who do you think it was? Indeed I can't tell, says Mr. Holly: Why it was your wife, Mrs. Holly; its as true as you are there, it was neither more nor less than your wife. Well, after she had removed the tomb-stone and the earth away, she opened the coffin, and putting out her hand said, "Arise and come along with me;" Upon which up I got, for thinks I to myself, I shall come to no harm along with you, I dare say; well, being got up, she bid me get upon her back, and hold fast by her neck, which I did; and sure enough I did hold fast,

for

for I believe I almost throttled her. I wonder she did not desire you to lay hold on her somewhere else, says Mr. Holly, for poor woman she has had a sore throat this fortnight. I knew nothing of her having a sore throat, says Fitzpatrick, or else I would not have griped her so hard: well, as soon as I was mounted upon her, up she shot like a sky rocket, and presently we were got among the sky-larks; and many a time I wished I could catch one, but if I had let go my hold you know, I should have tumbled down tail over head, like a shot woodcock; so I kept my hold, and away she carried me as swift as lightning, for she made nothing of my weight. Well, at last we came to the Moon, which is as big--lord help you, its bigger than the largest pewter dish you ever saw; What then, says Mr. Holly, you saw the Man in the Moon I suppose? Lor I
 blefs

blefs you, fee him, fays Fitzpatrick,
 ay, as plain as I fee you now,
 and a very civil man he is feemingly.
 Well, we did not ftay long here, but
 on we went at the rate, I dare fay, of
 an hundred knots an hour, but pre-
 fently we got among a cluster of ftars,
 and Lord help you, every one of thofe
 are larger than a good big pewter
 plate. Here we began to slacken our
 pace, for fear of falling foul of the
 ftars, which, fays he, were as thick as
 white nails on a coffin lid. Well,
 after we had gone in and out, like
 dancing the hayes, for almoft an hour,
 we got clear of the ftars, and now
 having as it were fea room, we went
 on again as if the Devil was in us,
 and prefently we came into a light
 open country; but as for a houfe,
 hedge, or tree, there was none, as far
 as I could fee, which I thought was a
 wonder, as it feemed to be a very fine
 climate,

climate, though it was rather too warm, and the farther we went the hotter it grew, so that in a short time I was all over in a muck sweat, and what with the heat and me together, I believe Mrs. Holly was none of the coolest. Well, at length we came plump alongside the sun. I suppose, says Mr. Holly, you found it very hot when you came near the sun? Hot! replied Fitzpatrick, why we might have roasted a bushel of potatoes in less than five minutes, though I dare say we were a dozen yards from it. But Mrs. Holly was in such a confounded hurry, that we did not stay to bait any where. Well at length, among a heap of clouds, we landed; and here Mrs. Holly bid me dismount, and taking me by the hand, led me to a large noble looking kind of a castle, and being got to the door, we stood a few minutes to recover our
breaths

breaths, smoking like two hard drove coach horses, and no wonder, for I dare say we had fled near a thousand miles. Now Mrs. Holly told me I was arrived at my palace, and that I was king of a vast large country, and knocking at the doors they all of a sudden flew open, upon which Mrs. Holly bid me go in and take possession of my throne, and, wishing me a good morning, flew out of my sight in an instant. Upon which I immediately walked into the palace, which was all gold and glittering stones. As soon as I had seated myself in the throne, in came all the saints in the almanack, each striving to do me the most honour; but I determined to make my countryman Saint Patrick my prime minister, and looking amongst the crowd for him, I espied him with his head in his hand, and I immediately beckoned him to me, upon

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which the rest of the saints set up a hollabolo, and just as I was commanding silence, in order to speak to Saint Patrick, I waked. Now whether it was the coachman who drove the hearse, or the confounded noise of the saints that awakened me, I can't tell, but I know I lost a charming kingdom by it. Fortunately for Mr. Holly, they were now arrived at the place of their destination, or else Fitzpatrick would have dreamt of as many heavens as Mahomet did.

But before we conclude this chapter, we cannot forbear expressing our admiration at Fitzpatrick's great wisdom in making Mr. Holly's wife a party in his dream, as he thereby engaged Mr. Holly's whole attention during the relation of it; and which, undoubtedly, was his intention. And we think Fitzpatrick's method of raising

raising Mr. Holly's curiosity, by making him concerned in his dream, is worthy the notice of all dreamers, who are desirous their auditors should attend to them; and hope they will take the hint, and, hereafter, dream in conformity to it.



C H A P. V.

In which the reader's neck is in danger.

NOW, reader, if thou wilt have faith in us, and hold fast by the neck of an historian, as Fitzpatrick did by the neck of the angel, we will safely descend with thee from our airy flight to the celestial mansions of the blest, to the terrestrial habitations of humble mortals;---so---now we are again landed. But pardon, courteous reader, that we now descend with thee from the sublime abode of saints, to seven fathom beneath the surface of the earth; for, as we think ourselves obliged to pursue the steps of the kinsman of our hero, wherever he shall lead us in his service, and he having, like the rebellious angels who fell from Heaven

Heaven into the dark abyſs, fallen from his bright throne in Heaven, into the profound regions of a cellar, we are under the neceſſity of following him.

But, before we proceed with Fitzpatrick in his ſubterraneous ſearch for the ſhining metal, it is neceſſary to inform our readers what expectations he had of meeting with a bed of golden ore, in ſo unpromiſing a place.

At the time we firſt introduced the hero of the preſent page, to thy acquaintance, reader, thou may'ſt remember we told thee, that he had worn the blue coat and ſtrap for fix years paſt, within the pariſh of St. Paul, Covent Garden. And we now aſſure thee, that he had never failed, during all that time, to make both, daily and nightly viſits, (except faſt-

days and cross-days) to the cellar we are now descending into, to the great diminution of the mild and stale that was stored here; but to the great encrease of the malt duty.

Mr. Spiggott, the landlord, was a man not void of gratitude, that is to say, if it was his interest to return a favour, no man was more ready to oblige his friend; and as he knew as well what quantity of beer every one of his customers would hold, as he did how much every one of his butts held, a very small portion of arithmetick would inform him the exact annual value of each customer; and as he found, upon gauging Fitzpatrick, that he held considerably more beer and other liquors than any one of his other customers, he therefore had always shewn him as much more favour as he found he excelled in a capacity to drink

drink more; having often obliged him with the loan of two, or three, or four guineas, as his emergencies had required, and which had occurred to Fitzpatrick at the time he resolved to row after the hundred pounds; but as ten guineas was a much larger sum than Mr. Spiggott had ever entrusted him with, he concluded this extraordinary request should be accompanied with some extraordinary circumstances, therefore, as he had not been to the cellar, since his return from his pennance, he resolved to tell Mr. Spiggott the same story of the robbery as he had told his Friend Mr. Holly, and, in order to corroborate it, he again put on the shirt, in which he fell into the ditch, and likewise resolved to get Mr. Holly to join his testimony to that of his feet, and which he concluded would sufficiently prove the truth of his assertion.

Having thus, reader, informed thee of the scheme Fitzpatrick had to come up with the hundred pounds, we will now descend with him into the cellar, and see what success attended it.

Fitzpatrick and his friend Mr. Holly having descended into the hold, as Fitzpatrick usually called the cellar, Mr. Spiggot welcomed his guests, and, very cordially shaking Fitzpatrick by the hand, told him the sight of him was good for sore eyes; a phrase he always made use of when he had not seen him for twenty-four hours, tho' indeed, it was now four days since he had seen him: Ah! Mr. Spiggott, says Fitzpatrick, I have a melancholy tale to tell you, I am come to take my leave of you for ever, unless we meet again in Heaven; Heaven forbid, replies Mr. Spiggott: it's too true, I assure

assure you, returned Fitzpatrick, I am going to sea again to-morrow; but come, bring us a tankard of the right sort, let us part as we met. The tankard being brought, see, says Fitz-trick, there's a head, Mr. Holly, there's a collyflower, O! the many good collyflowers that I have seen here! ay, and will see many more I hope, says Mr. Spiggott, I had rather lose the best two men in the garden than lose you. Why, I believe Mr. Spiggott, says Fitzpatrick, I have not been your worst customer, I never rambled; for these six years, the first thing I have done every day after I turned out, and the last thing I did before I turned in, was to go to the hold; let it be late, or early, I was always to be found in the hold; but come, Mr. Spiggott, give me your hand, here's wishing that two things may never fail you. Well, but what in the name of wonder is the matter, says Mr.

Spiggott, I suppose your master has run away and has taken you in; ah, Mr. Fitzpatrick, continues he, had you kept to your chair work, but I never liked your selling your chair and putting on that yellow coat, which fits you like a shirt; I thought, by his letting you wear such a thing, what sort of a gentleman he was. No, no, replied Fitzpatrick, you are clear out Mr. Spiggott, he was the best of masters, and such a prospect I had two days ago of being made a man for ever---but it don't signify, I must now go to sea again; I believe I don't owe you any thing Mr. Spiggott? No, returned Mr. Spiggott, you owe me nothing but good will, which I believe you owe every body; but come, let us know what is the matter? Fitzpatrick having emptied the tankard and recovered his breadth, The matter is, that I am an undone man Mr. Spiggott; see what a condition I am, in.

in. Here Fitzpatrick unbuttoned his waistcoat, and exhibited his shirt, which was dyed with the green and brown contents of the ditch; and after Mr. Spiggott had lifted up his eyes, and given other tacit tokens of surprize, Fitzpatrick pulled off his shoes and presented his feet to him, this sight encreased Mr. Spiggott's surprize to such a degree, as to make him recover the use of his tongue, and he swore he believed he had been dancing a hornpipe upon a red hot gridiron; but this, Mr. Spiggott, says Fitzpatrick, I don't mind of a rope's end; if I had been murdered I should not have minded it half so much as what's behind. No! says Mr. Spiggott, I would not have such a pair of feet for ten guineas; ay, there you have hit it Mr. Spiggott, for ten guineas I would sell myself to the surgeons to make a notamy of; I have

E 6

been

been robbed, Mr. Spiggott. Robbed! says Mr. Spiggott; yes, of ten golden guineas, that my master sent me to Highgate to pay; here is this worthy man, Mr. Holly, can tell you what a condition I came to his house in; but I will tell you the whole story, Mr. Spiggott. Here Fitzpatrick, after having moistened his mouth with about a pint of the right sort, repeated the same story he had related to Mr. Holly, to whom he appealed for the truth of every thing he alledged after his arrival at the hovel, and concluded with declaring he had kept himself concealed in Islington all the day after the robbery, not daring to appear before his master, who, he said, was so passionate, that he would make no more of running him through the body, than he would of drinking a tankard of beer.

Fitzpatrick

Fitzpatrick having finished the story of the robbery, again lamented his misfortune, assuring Mr. Holly and Mr. Spiggott, that if it had not been for this unfortunate affair, he was to have received half a hundred pounds of his master to buy him a new chair, and set him up again in the world, but that he must now go and swab the decks again. Mr. Spiggott having heard Fitzpatrick's melancholly tale, and the resolution he had taken to go to sea, began to think he should not draw so many butts of beer, nor empty so many casks of gin in a year as he had for some years past, and remembering Fitzpatrick had said he was to have half a hundred pounds to set him up in his former profession again, he expressed himself in the following manner: Why, look you, Mr. Fitzpatrick, you know I have always had a very great regard for you, and have often lent you little sums of money

money, what you wanted, more or less, which you have always honourably repaid me, and I believe you are a very honest man ; therefore, if I was sure of your repaying me in a short time, I would let you have ten guineas, for as I have made up a sum of money for my brewer, who is to call for it next Saturday se'nnight, it's the same thing to me, whether it lays in my own drawer or any where else till that time ; therefore, I say, if I was sure--sure ! interrupted Fitzpatrick, why I know as well when I shall have half a hundred pounds as I do my dying day, and all as one ; and if you should want seventy or eighty pounds out of it, you shall have it, for I scorn to be grateful to any man, as I believe you know Mr. Spiggott. Mr. Holly now saying, that a friend in need was a friend indeed, Mr. Spiggott, without any farther words, fetched the ten-
 to want still for such a little guineas,
 money

guineas, on the sight of which Fitzpatrick declared the Devil might swab the decks for him. Mr. Spiggott having told out the golden grain, which was to shoot up a hundred fold in three days, he desired Fitzpatrick would sign a little memorandum of it, as he said no body could tell what might happen; upon which Fitzpatrick made his mark, and Mr. Holly witnessed it. Fitzpatrick having secured the money and emptied the tankard, declared his resolution to set out for Highgate, to pay his master's friend the ten guineas. Mr. Holly excused himself from accompanying him, as he said he had a little business to do in Covent-Garden market. This circumstance was very agreeable to Fitzpatrick, as he would have been obliged to have gone as far as the hovel to have kept up the deception with Mr. Holly. Therefore, having
shaked

shaked hands with his friend Mr. Spiggott, and thanked Mr. Holly for the service he had done him, he ascended the steps of the cellar, and having taken a short excursion, at length, after about three hours absence arrived at the bagnio,



CHAP.

C H A P. VI.

Wherein our two adventurers take an account of the profit they had acquired, and the loss they had sustained, from the commencement of their expedition, to the time of Fitzpatrick's visit to lady Manlove.

O U R young Hibernian adventurer, and his kinsman, the commissioner, being again met in their former council chamber, Fitzpatrick produced that Peruvian drug for which the statesman plans, the merchant trafficks, and the soldier fights, and which, reader, thou wilt be apt to add, is the purchase of those smiles, which we, perhaps in vain, strive to create in thee; spare, gentle reader, the blushes of an infant author; nor rank us with the herd of those, who,
spider-

spider-like, spin out a short subsistence from their vitals. If we are so happy as to amuse thee in a vacant hour, with the product of a vacant hour-- 'tis all we seek; and as we boast no merit, so we claim no praise.

Brass having cast his eyes upon the golden tribute of Fitzpatrick's friendship, his heart gladdened within him, and he rejoiced exceedingly. But reflecting that he was instantly to part from the shining objects of his transports, his short-lived pleasure vanished. Nor could Fitzpatrick prevent a heavy sigh from escaping him, on the departure of the produce of his industry; neither could he refrain from desiring Brass to take Mrs. Wealthy's note for the payment of the hundred pound in three days; making use of the same words that Mr. Spiggott did, that

that nobody could tell what might happen. This Brads declared would be impossible, from his incapacity to write a note.

But as Fitzpatrick was extremely anxious to secure the half hundred pounds, he next proposed to send for a lawyer. To this Brads replied, that by paying the charges of the bagnio and tavern, and the lawyer his fee, they should be in danger of having a three days fast. But as Fitzpatrick had scarce made up for the last fast day, it was agreed to trust to Mrs. Wealthy's honour.

Successful as Fitzpatrick had been in his great attempt, yet, whether it was from his unhappily spilling the salt, which frequently occurred to his memory, or from what other cause it was, no sooner had Brads departed
with

with the guineas, than his spirits likewise took their flight, and he fancied he saw misfortune hanging over him. But the thoughts of his visit to lady Manlove entering into his head, his fears immediately forsook him, and he whistled away the time Brass stayed with Mrs. Wealthy.

Brass having delivered to Mrs. Wealthy the sum requisite to purchase the grand *deceptio visus*, and as they had, during Fitzpatrick's absence, mutually strove to cloy themselves with those joys which youthful lovers experience in a stolen hour of privacy, that they might be able to endure the hour of parting, Mrs. Wealthy now prepared to return to the domestic duties of a wife ; but, before she departed, she took an opportunity to assure Brass the favour he had obliged her with should be returned on their next meeting

ing, which she promised to appoint him by a letter sent to the bagnio, and said, that, as Mr. Wealthy went out of town generally twice a week, she hoped it would not exceed two or three days ; at the same time declaring she should think every day a year till they met again ; nor was Brads less extravagant in his computation of the time, that would intervene before he embraced her again, declaring, that though they were to meet the next day, he should think himself grown grey with years ; after which they exchanged professions of eternal constancy, and then Brads handed the lady into a chair.

No sooner was Mrs. Wealthy departed, than Fitzpatrick hastily followed Brads up stairs, and, having fastened the door of the room, swore, by the soul of his father, but he would
have

have a look for the ring ; but before he began his search, he thought it might not be improper to ask his cousin, if he had not taken care of it, to which Brass replied, that he wished the Devil might fire him, if he knew any thing of it ; therefore Fitzpatrick, in discharge of his oath, immediately repaired to the bed chamber, and carefully examined both sides of the quilt, blankets, and the rest of the bed furniture, but without any success ; from thence he proceeded to inspect every utensil in the room, but in vain, and having crawled upon his hands and knees under the bed, and to every corner of the room, to no purpose, he returned into the breakfasting room, which he as carefully inspected ; and, having likewise examined the wainscot and cieling of the room, without finding this valuable ornament, he concluded, his eternal enemy.

my the Devil, had taken it on purpose to spight him; Fitzpatrick having given over all hopes of finding the ring, it was next resolved to discharge the fees of the bagnio; accordingly, Brads settled this unpleasing part of the adventure, and immediately adjourned the court to his lodgings.

Our two adventurers being arrived at Brads's lodgings, and Fitzpatrick having secured the door, he next enquired of his cousin, whether the physician had fixed upon the day when the gentlewoman's husband would die, and what her fortune would be worth to them. Brads finding Fitzpatrick was desirous to be informed of the particulars he had gathered from the lady, told him, that Mr. Wealthy was advanced very far in a consumption, and that the physician had declared to Mrs. Wealthy, that

that there wanted very little more than the ceremony of her husband's funeral, to put her in possession of a large independent fortune, as he declared he had been witness to Mr. Wealthy's will, which he had made a few days ago, to which Brass added, that the lady had told him that her husband was a Turkey merchant, and that she had been married to him about two years, and that, as he was dotingly fond of her, and as she had always taken care to return his love in the most fervent manner, she made no doubt but he would leave her the greatest part of his fortune, especially as he had no relation except his sister, who, she said, had so often offended him by her indiscreet behaviour, in drinking more than did her good, that she durst say he would leave her little or nothing.

Brass

Brass having finished his relation of the intelligence he had collected from the lady, Fitzpatrick declared himself satisfied with his prospect of sharing Mrs. Wealthy's fortune, but concluded with hoping that Mrs. Wealthy would be as good as her word, in sending them the hundred pounds within three days, whether her husband died so soon or not.

Our adventurers being both perfectly pleased with the prospect of their future fortune, and having now a leisure hour, they resolved to take an account, as well of what they had been obliged to throw overboard, in the imminent dangers they had been in, as of what they were still possessed of. Accordingly Brass, in the first place, found the twenty guineas he had sat out with, were reduced to half a guinea, that being all he had

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brought from the bagnio; and in the next place, it was computed he stood indebted to Mr. Measure in about a dozen pounds; this being settled, he proceeded to take an inventory of what stock he was in possession of; which he found consisted only of one suit of cloaths, and a very small quantity of linen.

Brafs having finished his account, Fitzpatrick began to overhall the damages he had suffered, and the gain he had acquired; when it appeared, he had lost one blue coat and straps; one sedan chair, with the appurtenances; one tobacco-box; two cheek teeth; and the skin off both his feet; and that he was indebted to Mr. Spiggott in ten guineas: to ballance which, found he had only gained an old yellow coat and waistcoat.

Having

Having thus made an estimate of their profit and loss; they closed their accounts with the sorrowful discovery of their having made a most unprosperous voyage. But the time being near at hand when Fitzpatrick was to wait upon lady Manlove, he had neither leisure nor inclination to lament the many losses he had sustained, but immediately made preparation for this extraordinary visit.

We have already told thee, reader, that Fitzpatrick was arrived at those years, when the blood flows temperately through the veins, free from those particles which inspire the ripened virgin with amorous wishes, and provoke the vigorous youth to feats of love; nor even in his youth had incontinence been Fitzpatrick's predominant vice; on the contrary, it was believed by his brothers of the strap, that he was a pure virgin at this day.

But from what cause or impediment Fitzpatrick did not partake of the amorous inclinations of his cousin Brads, we are an entire stranger to.

From this information, reader, thou wilt conceive with what alacrity Fitzpatrick urged his steps to Lady Manlove's, where he supposed his chastity would be put to so severe a trial, for though he was extremely anxious to receive the golden reward for the favours he supposed he was to do her ladyship, yet he did not feel any amorous inclinations to enable him to deserve them. And the truth is, Fitzpatrick would rather have carried a fat bawd of Covent Garden, from Hyde Park Corner to White-chapel, in the Dog Days, than have gone to bed with the most desirable creature in the whole female sex. So insensible and cold was Fitzpatrick to all the joys of love, that, if he had been possessed of a
single

single guinea, that guinea he would have gladly given for a small portion of the warmth and vigour of his kinsman Brass.

However, as he was happily in possession of a few halfpence, those halfpence he disbursed in purchasing, at three different places, betwixt Covent Garden and Soho Square, three glasses of that sovereign specific, which always enlivened his spirits; and being at length arrived within sight of the place where he was to part with his virtue, he settled his peruke, and adjusted his cravat; and passing his hand over his left cheek, he felt that prominence we have before taken notice of.

This extraordinary protuberance he justly imagined was an injury to the natural comeliness of his face, and

spoiled the shape of his visage. Upon which he entered into a debate, whether it would not be proper to eject his beloved quid ; but after much cogitation upon the subject, he resolved to let it remain, remembering that his face was much in the same form then, as when her ladyship was first smitten with it ; and another reason in favour of the tobacco, was, that as it plumped up his face on one side, so by the other side being stretched out, it smoothed his wrinkles, and would entirely prevent her ladyship from coming to the knowledge of his age ; for as he had taken the resolution to put his virginity up to sale, he thought it prudent to conceal the antiquity of it, well knowing that a stale maiden-head is, of all commodities, the least valuable.

Having

Having settled this affair to his satisfaction, he boldly marched up to the house which he had been informed Lady Manlove lived in, and very shortly was admitted to an interview with her ladyship. For an account of which, reader, we refer thee to the next chapter.



C H A P. VII.

Wherein is related Fitzpatrick's interview with lady Manlove.

FITZPATRICK having gained admission into lady Manlove's hall, immediately sent the servant to announce his arrival; no sooner was the servant departed, than a matter of no less consequence than perplexity occurred to him, and which it was absolutely necessary he should settle before he went into her ladyship's presence. Therefore, while he is deliberating upon this important concern, we will make use of the opportunity to inform our readers of some necessary particulars relative to this lady.

Lady Manlove was the widow of her third husband, Sir Matthew Manlove,

love, knight, and grocer, who formerly resided in Cornhill, but having acquired a fortune adequate to his ambition, by the persuasions of his lady, he retired from business, and took a house in Soho Square. But whether from the change of air, or from what other cause it was, in two years, a consumption put a period to his days, leaving the lady whom we are now speaking of, in the quiet possession of a large fortune.

The ill success lady Manlove had in wedlock, she having shed tears for the loss of three husbands within the space of six years; and, what is remarkable, they had all died of the same disorder; determined her to continue a widow the remainder of her life; and as she was now something turned of fifty, though she was yet of a strong and healthy constitution, her

resolution was supposed to proceed from a pious intention to abstain from conjugal pleasures, that she might be the better able to prepare for a future state.

But scarce had Sir Matthew lain in the vault of his ancestors a month, when lady Manlove found it very uncomfortable to be obliged to betake herself to sleep, as soon after she went to bed as she could, and to rise every morning without the agreeable company of a bedfellow; and, in a short time, this unfociable life became so irksome to her, that all the philosophy she was mistress of had not power to curb her inclinations, or cool her yet warmth of constitution. Therefore, as she found she could not conquer them, she took the resolution to gratify her inclinations; and shortly after, being upon a morning visit

visit to Mr. Ballance, the justice (it being fashionable for ladies of her quality to amuse themselves with hearing Mr. Ballance examine those unhappy culprits, who are so unfortunate to be brought before him, and which, from the ludicrous manner he commonly handled a subject of murder or felony, was esteemed equal to any entertainment the neighbouring theatres afforded) it happened, our young adventurer's misfortune was the subject of the morning's entertainment, which gave lady Manlove an opportunity of fixing upon a person to succeed the defunct Sir Matthew.

Having thus, reader, given thee a sketch of lady Manlove's character, and presuming Fitzpatrick is by this time come to a determination upon the important subject we left him engaged in, we will now return to him.

But thou wilt be curious to know, reader, what momentous matter could claim Fitzpatrick's attention, and require such extraordinary meditation, that was necessary for him to settle before he was introduced to lady Manlove, that he might not have debated before he had proceeded so far as her ladyship's hall. The truth is, he had been so much engaged on the ensuing departure of his chastity, that this perplexing circumstance had not occurred to him.

The great subject of Fitzpatrick's doubt and contemplation, was upon a matter of ceremony, whether it was necessary for him to salute lady Manlove upon his first introduction to her, or not. This was a point our readers, we conceive, will not think unworthy his debate; at least, it was so great a question

tion to Fitzpatrick, that the doubt of it threw him into great agitations both of body and mind, and obliged him frequently to settle his peruke.

The employment he supposed he was entering upon, he thought required him to be amorous and gallant, and therefore he imagined the salute would be absolutely necessary. On the other hand, the impropriety of joining his lips, which were dyed yellow and black, by tobacco juice, with her ladyship's, seemed to forbid him. Many minutes he continued divided in his opinion which he should pursue; the first reason urging, and the latter dissuading him. At length, recollecting the three glasses of gin he had drank by the way, to enliven his spirits, he paid her ladyship so great a compliment, as to suppose it was two
to

to one she was not accustomed to drink gin, and in consequence, that she might not like the present flavour of his lips, therefore he determined to lay the ceremony of the salute aside; but resolved, if her ladyship should be inclined to salute him, not to refuse her the favour.

By the time Fitzpatrick had taken this resolution, the servant told him he had orders to conduct him to his lady. Accordingly Fitzpatrick followed him up stairs, trembling at every step he advanced, like an impatient bridegroom when he first flies to the chamber of his youthful bride.--- But, alas, a far different cause than the tremors of desire, shook Fitzpatrick's nerves; enfeebling fears, and bashful diffidence had subdued his confidence, and thrown him into this unusual agitation.

Fitz-

Fitzpatrick being arrived in the presence of lady Manlove, and the servant retired, her ladyship, with an engaging affability, desired him to sit down; upon which Fitzpatrick retired to the farther end of the room, and modestly seated himself in the window; but the lady, with great complaisance, desired he would seat himself in a chair near her.

Fitzpatrick now concluded she intended to salute him, and he accordingly wiped his mouth with the sleeve of his coat, that her ladyship might receive as little of the tobacco juice as possible; but finding she did not make any motion towards it, and that she pointed to a large easy chair for him to seat himself upon; he accordingly sat down upon the edge of it; but scarce had he touched the chair, which was fixed upon casters, than it
run

run backwards and left him upon the floor ; however, he soon recovered himself from this disgrace, and once more got into the chair, which he prevented from running away again, by pressing the arms down with both his hands.

Lady Manlove observing, by Fitzpatrick's woeful countenance, that this misfortune had greatly discomposed him, she repaired to her closet for a glass of cordial to revive his spirits. Unfortunately for Fitzpatrick, her ladyship mistook the bottle, and poured him out a large glass of spirits of wine. Fitzpatrick having taken the glass and wished her ladyship health, immediately emptied the glass, but on his tasting the supposed cordial, he could not prevail upon himself immediately to swallow it, not being

sure that he had not got a distillation from gunpowder in his mouth.

In this dreadful situation he continued near a minute, with the spirits in his mouth; and, to add to his misfortune, his quid had broke from its moorings, and was floating in the fiery dram; and having, in vain endeavoured, by working it about in his mouth, to replace it in its former cavity, and imagining lady Manlove would think him long in drinking the cordial, he at length resolved to swallow the liquid fire, and tobacco, both together, and stand the hazard of the consequence; accordingly, at one resolute gulp, he dispatched them both, expecting every moment to be blown up; but happily found it was attended with no other consequence, than forcing a few tears from his eyes, and taking

taking his breath away for about the space of a minute.

Fitzpatrick having sat down the glass, lady Manlove entered into conversation with him, enquiring how long he had lived with his master; Fitzpatrick assured her ladyship he had lived with him almost two years, upon which the lady, looking stedfastly on his coat, told him she was afraid he had fallen away in his service; and please your ladyship, says Fitzpatrick, I believe I was a little more bulky inclined when I first came to him; but we servants ought to be made of iron and steel to serve some masters. Why, pray, says the lady, what extraordinary service does your master employ you in? I don't know, and please your ladyship, says he, but I am running about all day for him; but as he is going to be married, I
hope

hope to have a little more ease than I have had. What, he is not married then? No madam, but he is just upon the point of it, he only waits for the death of an old gentleman. What, I suppose his father, says the lady; no, and please your ladyship, replies, Fitzpatrick, it's the gentlewoman's husband that he is courting. A very extraordinary courtship, indeed, says the lady; what, adds she, is your master a man of fortune? I cannot say he has any great matter of fortune, yet, says Fitzpatrick, but, to be sure, he will have when the old gentleman dies; for I believe he is quite sure of the gentlewoman. What, is that all he has to depend upon? says lady Manlove. No, and please your ladyship, we have ten guineas out at interest, but ---- here Fitzpatrick felt something move betwixt his legs, and looking down perceived a kitten was playing

playing with a large parcel of his shirt, that had, in his late fall, escaped through a hole in his breeches: the discovery of this unlucky accident not only silenced him, but threw him into the utmost confusion; the greatness of Fitzpatrick's modesty, and the certainty he concluded there was of the chairs running away from him again, if he left it to its own liberty, prevented him from stirring a hand to recover the strayed shirt. In this unhappy situation Fitzpatrick sat some time, without the power of speech or motion, whilst the cat continued to pat his shirt from side to side without ceasing; at length lady Manlove took pity on his distress, and put the cat out of the room, which afforded him an opportunity to bundle up the opprobrious token of his disgrace.

Lady

Lady Manlove being again seated, and Fitzpatrick having adjusted his matters, her ladyship again addressed herself to him: suppose, says she, I was to request your master's assistance in an affair that not only disturbs mine but my family's happiness, would he, upon being handsomely paid for it, be willing to oblige me, do you think? The melodious sound of the words -- handsomely paid for it, failed not to call up Fitzpatrick's whole attention, and made him entirely forget both the cat and her plaything. O yes, madam, says Fitzpatrick, to be sure, and please your ladyship, for I heard him say no longer ago than yesterday, that as how, he would go through fire and water to serve your ladyship, though he had never spoke to your ladyship. I am very much obliged to him, says the lady, but though the affair he will be concerned

ed in, is not of so dangerous a nature as either of those, yet it will require some courage in the performance of it. Why, and please your ladyship, says Fitzpatrick, he will fight. No, interrupted the lady, I hope there will be no fighting in the case; the business I want him to assist me in, will require that he should be dressed in a clergyman's habit, which if he can procure, and is willing to oblige me, I shall be glad to see him here to-morrow evening. The clergyman's habit greatly alarmed Fitzpatrick, but, however, on a prospect of being handsomely paid for it, he would have obliged himself to procure the pope's pontifical robes: therefore Fitzpatrick assured her ladyship, he would take care his master should wait upon her in the character of a clergyman; upon which lady Manlove put a crown into his hand, and desired him to request

quest his master not to fail coming on the succeeding evening, and likewise told him, it would be necessary for him to come along with his master. Fitzpatrick assured her ladyship, upon his honour, they would both attend her; and having likewise, at her ladyship's desire, pawned his honour to keep what she had mentioned to him a profound secret, he took leave of her ladyship.



C H A P.

C H A P. VIII.

In which our adventurers are in great perplexity, how to fit out Brass in the character of a divine.

AS soon as Fitzpatrick had quitted lady Manlove's house, he pulled off his hat, and piously thanked Saint Patrick for the preservation of his chastity; and as soon as that ceremony was performed, he sat out full speed to acquaint his cousin Brass with the happy tidings of their good fortune, and having only overturned one old woman with a basket of fruit upon her head, he in a short time arrived at his cousin's lodgings; and remembering lady Manlove's injunction to secrecy, he carefully fastened the door, and stopped up the keyhole, and

and having, after a few minutes, recovered his breath, he went up to Brass, and in a low whisper told him, we are made for ever; and to confirm his intelligence, he produced lady Manlove's present; but this, says he, is nothing: you are to be a parson to-morrow night, and to be handsomely paid for it, and I am to go with you, and be handsomely paid for it too; but it's to be a great secret, and whatever you say to me be sure you whisper it: she is the finest lady in the world, and not a morsel of pride about her; she made me sit down by her, as if I was the best lord in the land, gave me a glass of cordial, such as I never drank in my life before; the finest house you ever saw, with two large silver candlesticks before her.

Fitzpatrick having whispered himself out of breath, and, notwithstanding

Brass had been very attentive to every thing he had said, yet he could not make out what extraordinary good fortune attended them ; therefore, agreeable to Fitzpatrick's desire, he in a whisper desired he would explain the secret; accordingly, Fitzpatrick undertook to relate every thing that had passed betwixt himself and her ladyship, and having, in about the space of an hour, made out that Brass was to wait upon lady Manlove the next night in a parson's dress, not forgetting, that he was to be handsomely paid for it, Brass expressed his wonder, what her ladyship could mean by her desiring him to wait upon her in a clergyman's habit. Mean, whispers Fitzpatrick, why can't you find out what she means by it? Brass declared he could not possibly guess what she intended. Why now, says Fitzpatrick, I found it out as soon as the words

words were out of her mouth ; why to be sure, says he, she intends you shall marry yourself to her, and as it is to be a great secret, I suppose she intends I shall be the clerk ; for did not you mind when I came to, ---
 “ And you are very sure, Mr. Fitzpatrick, that your master is not married,” that I spoke those words plainer than any of the rest, and just so did she ; therefore I am quite sure she means neither more nor less, than that you shall marry yourself to her. And as Mr. Wealthy may not die perhaps this week or ten days, I hope you will not refuse her ladyship ; besides, you may marry Mrs. Wealthy privately after, and then we shall share. But are you sure, interrupted Brads, that lady Manlove said I must wait upon her in the dress of a clergyman ? Sure ! says Fitzpatrick, -- Do I stand here ? Why then, so sure

as I stand here, she said you must do her business like a parson.

Fitzpatrick having at length convinced Brass, that it was lady Manlove's desire he should wait upon her in the habit of a priest, how to procure this canonical disguise became the next matter of debate; and this proved so great a difficulty, when it came to be the immediate subject of consideration, that it seemed to be almost insurmountable; neither Brass or Fitzpatrick had any acquaintance amongst the gentlemen of the cloth, and Fitzpatrick declared it was two to one the parson of the parish would not lend them his gown, because neither of them belonged to his church, neither had he ever heard, he said, that such things were to be let; various were the schemes suggested by Fitzpatrick's prolifick brain, to fit out
Brass

Brass in his priestly character, but all found impracticable, and Fitzpatrick began to entertain notions of applying to his friend at the register office for information ; but as it was now late in the evening, Brass expressed his desire of going to rest, therefore they agreed to defer taking any resolution till the succeeding day.

Early the next morning Fitzpatrick repaired to his cousin Brass, and saluted him with the joyful news of his having, as he lay in his hammock, found out the means to make him a doctor of divinity ; - upon this agreeable information Brass rose from his bed, and Fitzpatrick acquainted him, that he was acquainted with one Mac Daniel, who was servant to a counsellor of their nation, and that he believed, upon the strength of two or three tankards, he could prevail upon

his friend Mac Daniel to procure him the counsellor's gown, which, he observed, would make a very good parson of him : the counsellor's gown did not strike Brads with the idea of a parson quite so strong as it had Fitzpatrick, who swore there was no kind of difference in the dress, and that he had always taken a counsellor for a parson, and at the same time declared he would get Mac Daniel to procure one of his master's bands, which he observed, plainly proved they were dressed alike in every respect ; the force of Fitzpatrick's reasons silenced all Brads's objections, and he was convinced of the exact resemblance : therefore Fitzpatrick determined to go immediately in search of his friend Mac Daniel, and, accordingly without farther delay, set out.

During

During Fitzpatrick's absence Brass amused himself with contemplating the success of his adventures, and anticipating his approaching happiness, nor did he pay himself a few compliments on the courage he had manifested, in being the first of his family who had dared to quit the ignoble calling of his ancestors, and aim at gentility; from thence he descanted on his personal merit, which led him to reflect what a pity it would have been, if a man of his figure should have been condemned to the making of brogues; the gentility of his apparel came next under his observation, and surveying himself in the glass, remarked how well they became him, which he concluded was an infallible proof that he was born to be a gentleman,

In the midst of these pleasing reflections, Mr. Measure entered to him, and presented him with his bill, and rubbing his hands, as usual, told Brass that he had a sum of money to make up, and should be glad if he would discharge it; and at the same time told him, if he would please to read it over, he believed he would find his charges very reasonable; upon which Brass, holding the bill the wrong end upwards, seemed to peruse it with great attention, and after some time, told Mr. Measure, with a very good countenance, that the charges were all very reasonable, and that he should receive some money in a few days and would then discharge it; Mr. Measure humbly thanked his honour, and with much ceremony retired.

Mr. Measure's unwelcome visit for a moment depressed our young adventurer's

turer's spirits ; but his friend Fitzpatrick fortunately arriving with the counsellor's gown immediately after Mr. Measure's departure, his former gaiety of heart revived ; as soon as Fitzpatrick had secured the door, Brass acquainted him with the disagreeable visit he had received, and the purport of what Mr. Measure had said to him : Fitzpatrick being elevated with a tankard of Mr. Spiggott's right sort, and his endeavours crowned with success ; said he hoped in a few days not only to pay the bill, out to bespeak a suit of laced cloaths for himself ; and unfolding the gown, declared, if lady Manlove had desired Brass to wait upon her like a bishop, that, with the band he had procured, would do for him ; and imagining it would take up some time before Brass was properly arrayed in his holy

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function,

function, it was resolved to begin to dress him immediately.

Accordingly, preparations were made, and the first difficulty they met with was a doubt, whether the gown was to be put over Brass's green and gold, or not; this took up a considerable time before they could come to a determination; at length, Fitzpatrick terminated the debate, by declaring he had never seen a parson have any cloaths under his gown: upon which, Brass stript off his coat and waistcoat, and Fitzpatrick assisted him in putting on the gown, which unfortunately was so short, as not to reach lower than his knees, so that the gold garters of his breeches were in sight; to remedy this, Fitzpatrick proposed pulling off the breeches, but Brass protested against this expedient; upon which Fitzpatrick swore he had never
seen

seen the chaplain of the Royal Oak have any breeches on, and that he was sure parsons did not wear breeches : Brass not being able to bring any proof to the contrary, at length agreed to conform to the custom of the clergy in this particular, and pulled off his breeches ; and having likewise taken off his white silk stockings and put on a pair of black worsted, and the band being properly tied on him, Fitzpatrick declared he began to look very like a parson ; but the gown flying open, discovered Brass's shirt all the way down from his neck, which they both acknowledged was not according to the custom of the clergy ; and having for some time endeavoured to find out some expedient to get over this difficulty, without success, Fitzpatrick swore he believed parsons did not wear shirts, and observed he had never seen any thing white but the

band about them ; however, after a warm dispute, it was at length resolved to keep on the shirt, and invent some method to confine the gown, and it was at last resolved to sew the fore-parts of the gown together with black thread, this performance Fitzpatrick undertook, and very shortly accomplished : this happy thought having answered the purpose, the divine began to appear very strongly ; but notwithstanding it was acknowledged Brads now very much resembled a parson, yet Fitzpatrick declared he was not quite like their chaplain ; and having spent some time in recollecting the figure of the chaplain, he at last found out what was wanting, and unbuckling a broad greasy leathern belt, which he constantly wore round upon his waistcoat, he buckled it round Brads's waist ; this, they both agreed, brought forth the clergyman to perfection :

perfection : but Brads observing that his hair was not quite in character, Fitzpatrick told him that he had thought of that, as soon as he had got the gown, and that he had agreed with a barber's boy to lend him a white wig for the occasion, and which he said he supposed was by that time ready ; accordingly, he immediately went to the barber's, and soon returned with a large old wig handsomely powdered, and as Brads had a great quantity of hair his head filled the wig very decently ; this addition of the white wig gave Brads a very parson-like air, and Fitzpatrick swore the parson of the parish himself was not more like a clergyman.

The initiating Brads into holy orders had, as they had foreseen, taken them the greatest part of the day, and by
the

the time the white whig had completely ordained him, night had overtaken them, and the hour they had fixed to wait upon lady Manlove being arrived, they immediately sat out to attend her ladyship. Where, reader, we hope thou wilt once more favour us with thy company.



CHAP.

C H A P. IX.

*Which contains Brass's interview with
lady Manlove.*

THE agreeable lightness of Brass's canonical habit, and the hopes which Fitzpatrick had infused in him, of being bridegroom to lady Manlove, made him neglect that solemn carriage which gentlemen of the cloth are always seen in, and speed on so fast as to keep his clerk upon a hard trot; upon which Fitzpatrick, not being quite so lightly cloathed as his cousin, expressed his disapprobation of such unpriestly haste, observing, that parsons always walked with dignity and deliberation; and said he made no doubt, but that they frequently made sermons as they walked along
the

the streets, therefore he desired Brass would take in a reef and shorten sail, that he might be able to keep alongside of him; but the chief reason why Fitzpatrick was desirous of shortening sail was, the difficulty he found in solving a doubt that had just come into his head, and which he wanted to confer with Brass upon.

The doubt which had arisen to Fitzpatrick was, whether Brass would, after his marriage with lady Manlove, have a right to the title of lord; our reverend adventurer declared, it was a matter worthy their consideration: Fitzpatrick's opinion was, that he would be a lord immediately after the marriage; and, to confirm it, he cited a case, that, he said, was exactly like this, which was, that he remembered when lord Ballyclough married his cook maid Sheelah Fitzbogg,

bog, Sheelah was from that time called lady Ballyclough, though she was only plain Sheelah Fitzbog before ; from whence Fitzpatrick inferred, that lady Manlove had as much right to make Brads a lord, as lord Ballyclough had to make Sheelah Fitzbog a lady. Brad acquiesced to the inference Fitzpatrick had drawn, and, in consequence, assumed an air proportioned to the dignity of a peer.

Fitzpatrick being delivered of this great doubt, another of little less importance immediately succeeded it, which was, whether Brad would be lord Manlove or lord Brad ; but this was a case that neither of them had met with, and before they could come to any determination upon it, they found themselves arrived at lady Manlove's door ; therefore it was resolved to

to postpone any farther deliberation upon it till after the marriage.

Brass and Fitzpatrick being entered the house, which they concluded would shortly become their property, sent the servant to inform lady Manlove of their arrival, and her ladyship having, by the servant, desired they would do her the favour to walk up stairs, they both immediately waited upon her; upon their entrance into the room, the lady rose and received the doctor, as she called Brass, with a genteel affability, which Brass returned in the most polite manner he was capable of, and lady Manlove having desired the doctor to seat himself, gave orders to the servant to take Fitzpatrick into the kitchen and entertain him with what the cellar afforded; upon which, Fitzpatrick bowed his head to his shoe-buckles and retired.

Lady

Lady Manlove having taken her seat, apologized for her requesting Brads to wait upon her in masquerade, but said, she made no doubt he was so well skilled in the arts of intrigue, that this was not the first time he had put on a disguise to visit a lady. To this Brads replied, that he must confess himself so great an admirer of the fair sex, that he should not scruple to put on any disguise to obey their commands; and hoped her ladyship would think he spoke without any disguise, when he assured her, as he then did, that she had been the object of all his thoughts, both sleeping and waking, since he had first had the pleasure of seeing her. To this gallant compliment, the lady answered, she must own, that the ill-treatment he had received in the affair which gave her an opportunity of first seeing him, had inspired her with a desire to do him
all

all the service in her power, and which she was now likewise ready to do; upon the close of this speech the doctor drew his chair nearer to her ladyship. Madam, says he, if my life was to continue longer than eternity, I should think myself happy in devoting it to your ladyship's service. O, Sir, says the lady, eternity is a long time indeed. By these sweet eyes, which are brighter than these candles, says Brass, if it was to last till the day of my death, you should find me at the last gasp doing you service. Sir, says the lady, I am mightily obliged to you; but I don't expect so great a return for any favours I am capable of bestowing. Madam, replied the doctor, you are capable of bestowing your sweet self, which is more precious to me than my own life, or those silver candlesticks.--Here Brass seized her ladyship's hand, which,

which, from the eagerness of his love, he almost crammed into his mouth, and at the same time swore, by the glory of Heaven, the sweat of her palm was sweeter than honey.

By this time, lady Manlove found her gallant would not put her to the blush to make the first advances towards explaining her intentions; on the contrary, she had some apprehensions, from the violence of his passion, that she was in danger of being ravished.

After Brads had mumbled her ladyship's hand for some time, and convinced her of the violence of his passion, her ladyship told him that it would be in vain to think of concealing the sentiments of her heart from a man of his penetration, and therefore she frankly confessed she did not
look

look upon him with indifferent eyes. This declaration threw the doctor into such an agitation of joy, that he could not restrain the impulse he felt to convince her ladyship of the grateful sense he had of her favour; but immediately circled his arms around her waist, and expressed his acknowledgments in a strenuous embrace, and at the same time performed that ceremony upon her lips, which had been the cause of much uneasiness to Fitzpatrick. The fervour with which Brass enforced this prevailing rhetorick awakened the most pleasing sensations in the lady; and as her ladyship imagined this extraordinary effect of his confidence proceeded from the extremity of his love, she only uttered such faint chidings, and soft murmurs, as our young adventurer's ears had been often saluted with. The ardor which had accompanied this proof of Brass's gratitude,

titude, some how or other burst the
 threads which Fitzpatrick had con-
 fined the gown with, and discovered
 something which resembled a white
 apron hanging from his girdle to his
 knees; and by this time a servant en-
 tered, and informed lady Manlove
 supper waited them in the next room;
 upon which the lady requested the
 doctor would favour her with his
 company to a little repast. Brads was
 by no means inclined to refuse her
 ladyship's request, but was greatly em-
 barrassed in his present circumstances,
 how to get into the next room with-
 out his apron's being discovered; but
 as there was no possibility of his over-
 coming this difficulty, and finding it
 was her ladyship's desire he should
 go first, he resolved to depend entirely
 upon his confidence, and according-
 ly holding the gown together with his
 hand, he followed the servant into the
 room, ..

room, where happily the table-cloth and napkin screened his want of breeches.

Supper being ended, and the servant dismissed, lady Manlove and the doctor renewed their former conversation, and they soon understood each other so well, that nothing remained to compleat their mutual happiness, but to settle a plan for the gratification of their desires, and, at the same time, preserve her ladyship's reputation; and which her ladyship now told Brass she had devised, when she had desired him to visit her in the character of a clergyman, and which she now explained, to the downfall of Brass's peerage for that night; and which had so great an effect upon his spirits as considerably to abate the ardour of his love to her ladyship; but though our adventurer found his expectations of being created a peer that

that night were disappointed, yet he comforted himself with the hopes of being able to influence her ladyship so far, as to make a lord of him the next day.

Lady Manlove having informed her gallant of all the particulars relative to the scheme she had laid, rang the bell for Fitzpatrick, who was to make no small figure in the plot, but before she has given orders to her servant to introduce Fitzpatrick, we will descend into the kitchen and see how this worthy friend and cousin of Brass's has fared.

Agreeable to the orders lady Manlove had given her servant to take care of Fitzpatrick, the butler had regaled him with some excellent Dorchester beer, with which, and the expectations of being called up to assist

at his cousin's nuptials, he spent his time very agreeably.

But soon after supper was over, a coal unfortunately shot from the fire against his leg ; this black omen was of too great consequence to Fitzpatrick for him to neglect, and accordingly, taking an opportunity when the servants eyes were not upon him, he carefully gathered up the cinder which was to foretel his future fortune ; with the pleasing hope of finding the hollow cinder to resemble a purse, and at the same time under dreadful apprehensions of its shewing him the figure of a coffin ; he sat some time with the coal carefully placed in his hand ; at length, being resolved to know his fate, he cast his eyes upon this prediction, which he found to be broad at one end and narrow at the other ; at the first view he conceived it

it to be like a purse; but his fears making his hand shake he laid it upon the table, and the figure being now altered, he thought it was like a coffin, and imagined that it tapered down just like that dreadful vehicle he had been stufed into in the hearse. But Fitzpatrick not being willing to believe the day of his interment was so near at hand as the cinder presaged, and it being yet a matter of doubt, whether it most resembled a purse or a coffin, he determined upon an expedient to put it beyond doubt; accordingly he filled the cavity in the cinder with salt, and cast it into the fire, not doubting but in a few moments it would again fly out and satisfy him, whether it foretold good or bad fortune: with much patience Fitzpatrick waited the return of the coal; but unfortunately, at this instant of time, lady Manlove rang the bell

and ordered the servant to conduct Fitzpatrick up stairs. At the time he received this message he was very attentively observing the cinder, which, to his great surprize, he saw entirely burn away without shewing the least sign of returning to him again; upon which, with a heavy heart, he followed the servant up stairs, the thoughts of the coffin operating upon him so strongly, that he thought he already felt himself out of order.



C H A P. X.

Wherein is related how Fitzpatrick was suddenly seized with an ague fit, with the cause of it.

FITZPATRICK being entered the room where lady Manlove and Brads were sat, her ladyship told him she hoped her butler had entertained him to his satisfaction. Fitzpatrick assured her ladyship that the butler was a very civil man, and that if he had been his own brother he could not have made more of him.

Lady Manlove then began to explain the assistance she requested of Fitzpatrick and his master in the following manner : Well, Mr. Fitzpatrick, says she, I have acquainted

your master with the affair, I told you I should be glad of his assistance in, and he tells me he is willing to oblige me. Yes, and please your ladyship, replied Fitzpatrick, he told me he was very willing to do your ladyship's business. And he tells me, says the lady, that you will be ready to assist him, in which you will likewise very much oblige me. I am ready, and please your ladyship, says he, to do my part; but hope I shall not be brought into any trouble about it. No, no, says the lady, I will take care of that, and I hope I may rely upon your not making it publick. To be sure madam, says Fitzpatrick, I shall never open my lips to any soul about it; for my master knows that I said, as how it was to be a great secret. Well, then Mr. Fitzpatrick, says the lady, it will be necessary now to let you know what this affair is, and I hope,

continues

continues she, that by your vigilance and courage, which your master tells me I may rely upon, to live a little more happily than I have for some time. Fitzpatrick's head running still upon the marriage, he did not know what to make of her ladyship's last speech ; but remained silent for a farther explanation. You must know, says lady Manlove, that some time ago, one of my servants, being discontented in his mind, hanged himself in the room adjoining to my bed-chamber, and ever since we have been frequently alarmed, about midnight, with a strange and unaccountable noise in that room ; all my servants, continues she, are persuaded that the person, who hanged himself, walks, as they call it, and are so fearful that they will not venture into the room even in the day-time : therefore, what I have to request of you is, that you

will sit in this haunted room to-night, and if any apparition should come, that you will speak to it in a civil manner, and desire it will let you know what it wants, and the reason it cannot rest. I have already, adds she, informed your master of the particulars, and now mention them to you, that if he should happen to fall asleep, you may be ready to speak to whatever you should chance to see. As soon as lady Manlove had mentioned the hanging of her servant, and the noise which had been heard in the room since, Fitzpatrick began to waste away; and by the time her ladyship had concluded her speech, he was in such a state of perspiration, that he was obliged to have recourse to his handkerchief to wipe away the sweat, which most plentifully bedewed his face; and in such terror was he when he her ladyship mentioned his sitting

sitting in the haunted room, and speaking to the apparition, that his hair stiffened up, and threatened to over-turn his peruke.

Fitzpatrick's fears having some time rendered him speechless, he at length so far recovered himself as to tell her ladyship, that he hoped her ladyship would not think he was afraid to speak to any dead man ; but that as spirits always talked Latin, he should not be able to understand it. Lady Manlove assured him, the servant was as incapable of speaking Latin as he might be. But Fitzpatrick could not help telling her ladyship, that he might have learned Latin among other ghosts before he began to walk. Her ladyship said, that whatever the poor man wanted to reveal, she was confident he would speak to be understood ; but I believe, adds she, I have

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had

had too high an opinion of your courage, and that you are afraid to face a ghost. Fitzpatrick declared he would box the best man living; but as for a spirit, says he, there is no knowing where to have it, for it may take off a leg or an arm, and be gone through the keyhole before one can fix a blow any where upon it. Her ladyship assured him, that the servant had always been a very quiet, harmless man, and that she fancied he could not rest till he had discovered some hidden treasure, therefore nothing more would be necessary than to speak civilly to it, and hear what it had to say. The thoughts of discovering a hidden treasure, had more effect upon Fitzpatrick than any thing else her ladyship could have said, and the ague fit he had been some time in, seemed now to be leaving him. When, suddenly, a dreadful rattling and noise of
glafs

glass breaking, was heard from behind Fitzpatrick, who instantly ran and laid fast hold of Brads,--Lord have mercy upon us, says he, here it is.--- Spare my life Mr. Ghost---Spare my life. The unexpected visit of the supposed spirit created no less terror in lady Manlove than in Fitzpatrick, and she likewise sought refuge from Brads, by laying hold on the other side of him; nor was the doctor himself entirely free from fear. A total silence immediately succeeding the noise, filled every one with as dreadful apprehensions as the disturbance itself, and lady Manlove and Fitzpatrick, as they held by Brads, seemed to catch fresh fear from beholding each other, both trembling in such a manner as to endanger pulling off the doctor's gown, and which might possibly have discovered a more extraordinary sight

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to

to her ladyship than in seeing the ghost.

The spirit not appearing, and every thing remaining quiet, in a few minutes their terror forsook them, and lady Manlove desired Fitzpatrick would go and see what had been the occasion of their fright; but Fitzpatrick excused himself by saying his master had better go and speak to it, as he was in a parson's dress; but her ladyship not being yet thoroughly recovered was unwilling to quit the doctor, and Fitzpatrick still keeping his hold, she rang the bell for the servant, who seeing the situation Brass was in, concluded he had been taken ill, and that his lady and Fitzpatrick were supporting him; but lady Manlove ordering him to examine the room and see what had been the occasion of the noise, he took up a large

large broken decanter, and upon farther enquiry it proved their fright was occasioned by Fitzpatrick's former friend the cat, who in her pursuit after a mouse had unluckily thrown down a decanter. But Fitzpatrick, in order to countenance his fears, declared, that when the noise first began he had seen something like a tall man in a white shroud, with two flaming eyes go through the keyhole of a closet in the room, and was sure it was there then; upon which lady Manlove ordered her servant to look in the closet, but the servant, from Fitzpatrick's solemn asseveration, hesitating to go, Brads went and opened the closet door, but nothing being there but some bottles, Fitzpatrick again declared he had seen it squeeze through the keyhole, and durst say it was now got into one of the bottles; the servant, upon this, said he supposed it

it was old Robinson; and concluded with hoping the doctor would lay him, amongst the rest of the spirits, in the Red Sea.

Lady Manlove and Brads having taken their seats, and the servant retired, old Robinson became the subject of conversation, and her ladyship told Fitzpatrick she was now convinced his objections to speak to the spirit proceeded from his fears. Fitzpatrick assured her ladyship, that he was not afraid of any thing that was made of flesh and blood, but that he had never been used to keep company with spirits; however, continues he, if so be my master is to be with me, and Mr. Robinson will keep his hands to himself, and let us know civilly where the treasure is, I don't much care if I do change a few words with him; as for my master's falling asleep, adds he,
I dare

I dare say, and please your ladyship, he will have as little inclination to sleep as I shall, for though I don't believe he fears the best he that ever slept, yet I don't think he would like to have any dealings with people who come from the other world, as Mr. Robinson does. Lady Manlove now applauded Fitzpatrick, and immediately fetched from the closet a bottle of cordial to strengthen his resolution; upon sight of the bottle, Fitzpatrick began to fear he should have such another dram as her ladyship had given him before, and, notwithstanding he was sensible what he had said about seeing the spirit go into the closet was of his own invention, yet he imagined it might as well be there as any where else, therefore he was not sure, if he drank the cordial, but that he might swallow old Robinson, however, the cordial looked so tempting

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ing that he determined to accept of her ladyship's offer, and accordingly emptied the glass, and approved of the cordial so well, that he wished he had two or three bottles of it to treat the ghost with. It beginning now to be late, lady Manlove proposed the doctor and Fitzpatrick should repair to the place where they were to wait for Mr. Robinson's coming, to which Brads readily assented ; but Fitzpatrick looked as if he had much rather have gone to his hammock.



C H A P. XI.

*In which is related the adventure in the
haunted room.*

A Servant having conducted Brass and Fitzpatrick to the door of the haunted room, begged to be excused from going any farther; and addressing himself to Fitzpatrick, said, that he always had a great regard for John Robinson, as long as he lived, but that since he had hanged himself, he was so altered, that, for his part, he did not desire to have any thing to say to him.---Altered, says Fitzpatrick, why what is he like now? Nay, God knows, says the servant, what he is like now, for I have never seen him since I saw him put in his coffin; but he is altered in his temper, as it were,
for

for when he was alive, he was the most quiet inoffensive creature breathing ; but he now makes such a racket a-nights, that one would sometimes think he would pull the house down. ---Ah, continues he, poor John has not been his own man since he went a Whitfielditing---What is he a Whitfieldite ? says Fitzpatrick : ay, says the servant, he was in such a hurry to go to Heaven, that he could not be contented to wait his time, like other folks, but must hang himself, and I suppose he now repents. The bell ringing, the servant was obliged to obey its summons ; and, giving Fitzpatrick two bottles of Dorchester beer, wished him well through the night.

On the servant's departure, Fitzpatrick followed the doctor into Old Robinson's room ; walking as carefully as if he was afraid of treading upon

upon a spirit at every step, and having advanced about half a yard within the door, he there stopped, and asked Brads if he did not think he smelt brimstone. Brads replied, he smelt nothing but his fears. Who, I afraid, says Fitzpatrick? I do not fear the best ghost that ever trod shoe leather? though to be sure, when one thinks what a strong thing a spirit is, it is best not to be too presumptuous? But as for matter of fear, adds he, none of the Royal Oak's men would say they ever saw James Fitzpatrick afraid.

But, notwithstanding Fitzpatrick thus boasted of his courage, he had not yet advanced a step farther into the room; however, he at length ventured to enter, and having fastened the door, they both sat down, and Fitzpatrick uncorked a bottle of Dorchester; and after they had sat a few

few minutes, Fitzpatrick took notice that as Brads was but lightly cloathed, he might possibly catch cold, and, therefore said, it would be proper to keep the wind out as much as possible; and accordingly he stopped up the key-hole of the door, with the cork he had taken from the bottle.

Fitzpatrick having thus prevented Mr. Robinson's entrance through the key-hole, his fears began to subside; but however, he had not so far conquered them, as to prevent his hand shaking every time he applied to the glass; and, in order to divert the dread he was yet in of the apparition, he resolved to enter into conversation with the doctor, and accordingly asked him how far he was advanced in his marriage. Brads sullenly replied, lady Manlove had made a resolution not to marry again. Mayhap, says
Fitz-

Fitzpatrick, she does not care to marry till the spirit's gone. However, continues he, if Mr. Robinson will but tell us where to find a hidden treasure, we shall be made men for ever; ah, adds he, many is the good pot of money he knows of, I warrant him.

Fitzpatrick perceiving Brass was not in a humour to hold any conversation, concluded he was likewise possessed with the fears of the apparition. This thought not a little helped to confirm Fitzpatrick's opinion, that they were in a dangerous situation: and, as the time advanced that was to bring Old Robinson, his fears encreased; and he was once more, as he formerly told Mr. Holly, all o'er a muck of sweat; and presently again addressing Brass, he asked him if he did not think the candle began to burn blue; Brass declared he could not perceive any alteration

ration in it; Fitzpatrick now concluded, from the reclined posture which Brads sat in, and his unwillingness to discourse with him, that he intended to go to sleep, and leave him to encounter the apparition: but, resolving to be before-hand with him, he fixed his chair against the door of the room, and laid himself down upon a couch that stood near him; and, having covered his head with the pillow, in a few minutes pretended to be fast asleep, which he signified to Brads by most sonorous sounds, “from that tuneful instrument his nose.”

Fitzpatrick having snored away a considerable time, began to be in terrible apprehensions, lest the ghost finding his passage through the key-hole stopped, should burst open the door, and, not thinking the chair he had placed against it would be able to sustain

sustain the force of the spirit, he resolved, at all events, to secure the door in the best manner the furniture of the room would admit of; accordingly he counterfeited a yawn, and sat up on the couch.

No sooner had he opened his eyes from his pretended sleep, than he perceived the chair he left Brass in was empty. In the utmost astonishment he sat upon the couch, with his eyes fixed upon the chair, while large drops of sweat trickled down his face, and his whole frame shook with fear. From Brass's vacant seat, he directed his eyes to the door, which he found was still guarded with the chair; and likewise perceived the key-hole was still secured with the cork; therefore he concluded old Robinson must have entered under the door; but, though it was possible, he thought, for Mr. Robinson

Robinson to come into the room under the door, yet he was not satisfied how he could squeeze Brags under it. However, it was plain he had, by some means or other, conveyed him out of the room, and made no doubt but as soon as the spirit had devoured his cousin, he would finish his supper on him.

In this dreadful expectation, Fitzpatrick fell upon his knees, and entrenched himself with crosses from head to foot; at length, the pain of his knees obliged him to rise; but scarce had he recovered his legs, when the clock mournfully struck one. The thought of his being alone in a haunted room, at one o'clock in the morning, filled Fitzpatrick with the utmost terror; and, to increase the horror, the candle, for want of being snuffed, cast a gloomy light over the room; which,
with

with a profound silence, made a very considerable addition to the fears he was in from the apparition. In this dismal situation he stood some minutes without the power to move. At length, confiding in the virtue of the crosses, his fears so far abated, as to enable him to consult how he should farther secure himself; and he soon resolved to seat himself upon the floor in a corner of the room, and fortify himself round with chairs. But, at the instant he had taken this resolution, he perceived a closet door suddenly to open, and fly back against the wainscot with such force, as to shake the whole house.

The moment Fitzpatrick perceived the door to open, he involuntarily cast himself upon his knees, and holding his hands together in a supplicating manner, pronounced, with great

emotion,---good Mr. Robinson spare my life and precious limbs---take every rag I have, do but spare my life.

Fitzpatrick having repeated these words two or three times, without the apparition appearing, he resolved to make the spirit believe he had got some holy water; and, accordingly, sprinkled himself with Dorchester beer; and, having at length, emptied a whole bottle over him, and finding the ghost did not enter, he concluded the crosses and holy water had prevailed, and that it had not power to appear. However, he continued his resolution to entrench himself within the chairs, when just as he was rising upon his legs, an old chest of drawers came tumbling out of the closet, and two empty bottles that stood upon it, flying against him, down he fell.

The noise which accompanied the fall of the chest of drawers, sounded to Fitzpatrick like thunder; and, imagining the apparition had knocked him down, he resolved to lie still, and make the ghost believe he was dead.

The effluvia which arose from Fitzpatrick, immediately after he fell, invading his nose, his fears converted it into the smell of brimstone, and he made no doubt but, in a few minutes, he should be transported to his cousin in the spirit's habitation of sulphur.

Fitzpatrick having lain some time in a most unclean condition, and in terrible apprehensions of being conveyed to the regions below, lamented that he had drank so much of the holy water, being fully persuaded, that,

whilst he had been sprinkling it upon him, the ghost had not any power over him; and finding the spirit did not offer to molest him, and being tired with lying in the uneasy posture he was in, he resolved to try to deceive the ghost once more; and, having recommended himself to the protection of St. Patrick, he gently lifted up his head, and, casting his eyes around the room, found old Robinson was gone; and, having listened very attentively for a few minutes, he at length ventured to get up.

Being once more upon his legs, he pulled off his coat and hung it upon the back of a chair, in the middle of the room, and putting a poker upright upon the chair, hung his wig upon it; wisely concluding, if old Robinson had taken Dorchester beer for

for holy water, he might likewise take the chair, when dressed in his coat and wig, for him.

During the time he was preparing this deception, he could not help throwing some oblique looks into the closet; and, though he plainly perceived old Robinson was not in it, yet he fancied there was some mouse-hole through which he came, and made no doubt but he would soon pay him another visit. Therefore, as soon as he had dressed the chair, he next, with great success, got under the mattrafs upon the couch; and, though he was sensible that from the heat of the mattrafs, he should be melted away very considerably, yet he thought himself very happy in any place out of old Robinson's way.

Fitzpatrick having lain under the mattrafs till he was stewed into a jelly, and almost smothered, at length heard a voice like his cousin's call him by his name; but imagining old Robinson had discovered the cheat he had put upon him, and that he had imitated Brass's voice to find out where he was, he resolved to make no answer. The voice again repeating his name, he determined to muster up all his courage, and peep into the room; accordingly, he perceived a figure that resembled his cousin, but being satisfied that a spirit could put on any shape, he supposed old Robinson had stolen his hint, and that he had assumed Brass's likeness to deceive him; therefore, being resolved the spirit should not outwit him, he determined to lie still.

The

The voice pronouncing Fitzpatrick's name the third time, he began to fear, if he did not give some answer, the ghost would be in a passion, and in its wrath overturn the room; therefore, in order to appease the ghost's rage, he took the resolution to speak to it. Accordingly he said, Mr. Robinson, if so be you will tell me where the treasure is, and give me your word you will be civil, I will tell you where I am.

Immediately after he had uttered these words, Fitzpatrick found himself and the mattrafs rolled upon the floor, and seeing Brads stand before him, and likewise perceiving it was broad day-light, his fears forsook him; and, immediately jumping up, he began to kiss Brads most furiously.

Fitzpatrick having put on his coat and wig, was very desirous to know where the ghost had carried his cousin, and at the same time put his nose to his gown, to find whether it smelt of brimstone or not. Brags told him he would defer giving him an account where he had been till they arrived at his lodgings. But, says he, how came the room in this condition? O, Lord, says Fitzpatrick, I have had strange work with Mr. Robinson since you have been gone; and I hope when I have told you the whole story, you will never think me afraid of a spirit again.

A servant now knocking at the door, Brags (as soon as Fitzpatrick had secured himself behind two chairs) opened it, and was told lady Manlove waited his company to breakfast.

love

Fitzpatrick was surprised to find her ladyship up so soon, but was more amazed to hear it was past seven o'clock; for he did not imagine he had lain under the mattraß above an hour.



C H A P. XII.

*Which contains Fitzpatrick's account of
his adventure in the haunted room.*

BRASS having found lady Manlove had made a fixed resolution to remain a widow, the hopes of his peerage vanished; but ambition being our young adventurer's chief characteristic, and which had first stimulated him to quit the calling of his predecessors, and wander in search of gentility; he could not relinquish the pleasing hope of being saluted with the title of My Lord; and he whose highest wish, a few days before, was only to arrive at that humble station of a gentleman, now aspired to the pinnacle of greatness; nothing less than nobility bounding his desires; and as he had reason to believe he had
not

not a little influenced lady Manlove's inclinations in his favour, he resolved to persevere till he gained the summit of his hopes. But, however, he thought it prudent to postpone any solicitations to her ladyship upon that head, till the next meeting, which was already settled to be on the succeeding afternoon, at a bagnio near Covent Garden.

Lady Manlove and Brags, having breakfasted, her ladyship expressed her desire to hear Fitzpatrick's account of his interview with Mr. Robinson, and observing to Brags, that he might relate it with more freedom in his absence, she requested he would step into the next room during the relation. Accordingly Brags immediately retired.

Fitzpatrick being introduced to lady Manlove, her ladyship expressed her joy at finding he had received no harm from the ghost; and declared, when she heard the noise in the haunted room, she was in great pain for him, and concluded with desiring he would relate what had passed; upon which Fitzpatrick began as follows.

An please your ladyship, says he, after my master and I had been in Mr. Robinson's room about half an hour, I was suddenly taken with a sleepyness, and so thinks I to myself, I had better take a little nap now, that if so be my master should be fast asleep, I may be awake by the time Mr. Robinson comes. Accordingly I laid myself upon the couch, and slept, I believe, about half an hour; as soon as I awaked, I missed my master; and, looking towards the door, I found the chair

chair which I had placed against it, just as I left it; for I had put the chair against the door, that if Mr. Robinson should come and find us both asleep, the noise of the chair might awake me.

As soon as I found my master was gone, an please your ladyship, I began to look in every hole and corner to see which way he had gone out; for I was quite sure he had not gone out of the door; but not being able to find any thing of him, or any hole big enough for him to go through; I began to be a little uneasy about him; and thinks I to myself, if I had been awake, Mr. Robinson should not have taken him away so easily; and I was quite mad my master had not wakened me. Well, thinks I, sorrow will not be of any service, and down I sat. By the time I had sat about half an hour,

more

more or less, the closet door flew open with all its might, upon which I immediately expected Mr. Robinson, and in about a minute's time, sure enough in he came, all in white, and walked towards me as stiff as a board, as ghosts always do; and though he looked very sour, and was black in the face, I was not a bit daunted, but sat still. Mr. Robinson seeing I was not frightened, stopped short; upon which I resolved to speak to him civilly, as your ladyship desired me; accordingly, says I, Mr. Robinson, if I may be so bold,---pray what do you want.---If you know of any hidden treasure, and will tell me where it is, I will take care of it.

No sooner were the words out of my mouth, than he takes up a chair and bangs it at me; but as I was luckily aware of it, I caught it in my hands, and

and says to him, I do not know Mr. Robinson that I have given you any affront, therefore why should you throw the chair at me; look you, Mr. Robinson, says I, I am not a passionate man.---No more I am, an please your ladyship; but if you are not quiet, I shall be obliged to quarrel with you; however, he made no more ado, but flung another chair at me, which hit me just in the stomach; and, now finding civil usage would not do, I directly sent a chair at him, and he threw it at me again, and I returned it.

In this manner, an please your ladyship, we continued throwing the chairs at one another for some time; but, being afraid the noise might disturb your ladyship, I resolved to come to close quarters with him. Accordingly I put the chairs on one side, and
directly

directly went up to him, and immediately laid hold on him by the neck of his shroud, and presently gave him a fall; for if I once get hold of the best man living, an please your ladyship, I am pretty sure of throwing him; though to be sure, Mr. Robinson was not a live man; however, alive or dead, it was the same thing to me then. As soon as he was down, I let him get up again, for I scorn to take advantage of any man; and, as he did not seem to have enough, I resolved not to give him time to recover his wind; but, as soon as he was up, I threw myself upon him, and got him upon my hip, and down we both came together, with my knees soused in his guts.

By this time, an please your ladyship, I found he knew nothing of the matter; and I believe I could have thrown

thrown him with one hand; this second fall I found a little sickened him, and I believe he began not to half like me; as he did not offer to get up, I was afraid I had broke one of his legs, however, if I had it would have been of his own seeking.

Whilst he lay down, says I to him, you see, Mr. Robinson I am too many for you, therefore don't be fool hardy, if you have a mind we will be good friends; upon which he said he yielded, and I helped him up, and as soon as he was upon his legs, I told him I was sorry for what had happened, and hoped he was not much hurt: he said he was only a little bruised, and so we now sat down, and I opened a bottle of Dorchester beer, and drank to his health, and to our better acquaintance, not forgetting your ladyship's health; after he had drank his glass,

glafs, Well, fays I, Mr. Robinfon, I hope you don't bear me any malice; for my part, fays I, I bear you none; upon which he gave me his hand, and faid he fhould think no farther of it.

As we came now to be pretty fo-
ciable, and pleafe your ladyfhip, I
thought it proper to afk him what was
the reafon he could not reft, as your
ladyfhip defired. Why, fays he, ever
fince I have been buried I have wanted
an opportunity to open my mind to
fome body in my good lady Manlove's
family, but no body has yet ever been
to fee me, though I have been here
for many nights; but upon my firft
coming to-night, and feeing a candle,
I was in hopes fome of my old fellow
fervants had been here, and you be-
ing a ftranger to me, I was afraid you
was come to lay me in the Red Sea,
and that was the reafon I threw the
chair

chair at you, but as you are now my friend, I will let you know the reason why I cannot rest. Here, and please your ladyship, we both drank a glass of your ladyship's beer, and then Mr. Robinson began again.

The reason that I cannot rest in my grave, says he, is on account of my good lady Manlove's resolution not to marry again, because, says he, I know there is a tall handsome young gentleman in the world, who is deeply in love with her, and I believe if she refuses to marry him, that he will make away with himself: besides, says Mr. Robinson, and please your ladyship, I know it is for her ladyship's own good that she should marry him, and therefore I shall never be able to rest till she does. To be sure, says I, Mr. Robinson you who
are

are a dead man, know what is best, better than we who are alive do, and, says I, if you will tell me the gentleman's name, I will make bold to let her ladyship know it. No, says he, I do not care to mention any names, but if you will tell her ladyship what I have said, she will know who I mean; but so far I will tell you, says he, he is a gentleman from Ireland. Well, says I, Mr. Robinson, you may be sure I will let her ladyship know that you cannot rest till she marries this gentleman, and that it will be for her ladyship's good. Ay, and as soon as she is married to him, says Mr. Robinson, I shall be at peace. But I have one thing more, says he, to say to you, which is, that you will not come into this room any more; I have a particular reason for it, says he, and therefore I beg you will give me your hand.

hand upon it, that you never will. Why, says I, I should be always very glad to see you, Mr. Robinson, but as you desire me not to come, I will not, upon which we shook hands upon it. Mr. Robinson now seeing it was almost day-light, told me he was obliged to go to his grave; upon which, and please your ladyship, we took a glass standing; but however, before he went, I asked him if he knew any thing of my master, and he assured me I should see him again presently, and then we shook hands, and he immediately went into the closet, and was gone in a moment, though I could not tell how he went. This, and please your ladyship, says Fitzpatrick, is what passed betwixt Mr. Robinson and me:---and a very marvellous story it is, says her ladyship.

Lady

Lady Manlove now put half a guinea into Fitzpatrick's hand, and told him it was a small recompence for the trouble Mr. Robinson had given him; Fitzpatrick having pocketted the purchase of his invention, made abundance of scrapes, and again retired into the kitchen.

As soon as Fitzpatrick was gone, lady Manlove released Brass, telling him she hoped the entertainment he had received made amends for his imprisonment. In regard to some parts of Fitzpatrick's relation, Brass thought it most prudent to declare he had not been able to hear any thing of it; upon which her ladyship assured him, if Fitzpatrick related his adventure with Mr. Robinson to him as he had done to her, he had much pleasure to come.

The doctor now thinking it time to depart, a coach was ordered and our adventurer having repeated the appointment, which her ladyship and he had before agreed upon, the coach conducted Brads to his lodgings.



CHAP.

C H A P. XIII.

Wherein our adventurers again visit the Register-office.

OUR adventurer and Fitzpatrick being arrived at Brass's lodgings, Fitzpatrick produced the half guinea lady Manlove had given him for the trouble he had with Mr. Robinson, and in return Brass pulled out a purse and counted out five guineas. Fitzpatrick was astonished at the sight of so large a sum, and earnestly enquired where he had it. Brass told him it was a gratuity lady Manlove had given him, for laying the spirit which haunted her ladyship. Fitzpatrick swore lady Manlove had given him the half guinea for laying Mr. Robinson ; Brass assured him, that the story of
old

old Robinson was all false. Fitzpatrick not being willing to lose the credit of laying the ghost, again made oath, that so far from its being false, he had not only seen Mr. Robinson, but that he had overcome him in a fair fight; Brads declared he must have dreamt it, for, says he, soon after you was asleep, I went through a private door in the wainscot, by her ladyship's directions, which door, says he, is only known to her ladyship. The opening of the closet door, and falling down of the chest of drawers, continues Brads, were performed by lady Manlove, by means of two strings hooked to them, and brought through two holes made by her ladyship in the wainscot; this adds he, is all in the story of the room's being haunted, and her ladyship desired I would not discover it, as she intends to make farther use of it; for the servants

hearing the noise every night, are all persuaded their fellow servant who hanged himself in that room haunts it, and none of them dare go into it, so that her ladyship, by means of the secret door, can conduct any scheme without suspicion; and you having seen these extraordinary appearances, confirms the servants notion of the ghost; and the tale she proposes to tell them in regard to me, as being a clergyman, and employed to lay it, will entirely prevent any suspicions they may hereafter have.

This account of the haunted room struck Fitzpatrick speechless, and the story he had told lady Manlove of his combat with the spirit coming into his head, a small portion of shame, for a moment, overspread his face, however, he comforted himself with the reflection, that no body but lady Man-

love

love was privy to his falshood ; and when he weighed the palpable produce of his falshood, against the doubtful rewards of truth, the half guinea reconciled all differences; and so great a passion had Fitzpatrick for that same shining metal, that, for another half guinea, he would not only have undertook to raise old Robinson, but likewise made him swear to the truth of the combat ; for it was Fitzpatrick's favourite maxim, at all events, to put money in his purse.

Fitzpatrick being very desirous to enter upon his office of commissioner, again enquired of his cousin what progress he had made towards marrying lady Manlove : Brass told him that on their next meeting, he would propose to her ladyship, to put him in possession of her fortune as well as her person, observing, that from the

strength of her ladyship's inclinations,
 and the weakness of women's resolutions,
 he had all the reason in the
 world to expect her compliance, especially
 as he had already received some very
 considerable favours from her ladyship;
 but if, continues he, her ladyship should
 refuse marriage, at all events I think we
 may be sure of Mrs. Wealthy: and if, says
 Fitzpatrick, we should marry lady Manlove,
 don't you think you could undertake Mrs.
 Wealthy too; for, continues he, I have known
 several of our countrymen manage two or
 three wives at a time, and if we do but
 marry them both, adds he, we shall get the
 Lord knows what fortune by them; and now
 I talk of fortune, says he, it is time to see
 about the hundred pounds Mrs. Wealthy
 owes us, and the first thing I will do to-
 morrow morning shall be to go to the bagnio
 to see if she has sent

sent it. This being agreed to by Brass, they resolved to spend the remainder of the day in festivity.

Accordingly, Fitzpatrick ordered no less than a gallon of Mr. Spiggott's right fort, with which, and the thoughts of being a commissioner before the next Sunday, Fitzpatrick was so much intoxicated, that it was with some difficulty, in the evening, that he got into his hammock.

In consequence of Fitzpatrick's resolution to enquire after the hundred pounds, the next morning he repaired to the bagnio, and, to his great joy, found a letter left for Brass.

As soon as Fitzpatrick was in possession of the letter, he began to double it, and squeeze it, in expectation of feeling the hundred pounds

inclosed ; but not finding any of those round pieces of gold which he had planted in the land of promise to multiply like Irish potatoes, he was in terrible apprehensions lest they should be disappointed in their golden harvest ; however, he repaired with all speed to his cousin.

Brass, upon receipt of the letter, once more consigned his father to the bottomless pit, for not having taught him to read and write. Come, come, says Fitzpatrick, don't let us stand wishing and cursing, I have been at that work all the way I came, but I find it won't do, and so let us go to the register-office.

Accordingly, they both sat out to the register-office, and being arrived there, the clerk told Fitzpatrick, he was

was afraid he had lost his custom, as he had not seen him so long; Fitzpatrick assured him, he had not had any occasion to apply to him lately, and that he did not use any other shop, for, says he, I make it a rule, as long as I am well used, never to ramble, and giving the clerk the letter and a shilling, desired he would read the letter out; accordingly he read as follows:

“S I R,

“I have the pleasure to acquaint
 “you, that my husband died on Sun-
 “day morning, being yesterday, and
 “has left me all his wealth; so if
 “you are willing to join hands with
 “me, as well as hearts, I am at
 “your service. The old man is to be
 “buried to-morrow, being Tuesday,
 “so I shall not see you till Wednesday
 K 4 “night

“ night about eight o’clock, where we
 “ parted last,

Monday Morning
 Nine o’Clock.

I am your constant
 SOPHIA WEALTHY.”

During the reading of the letter Fitzpatrick was in such an agitation of joy, that he could scarce refrain from setting up a huzza in the office; and as soon as they had got into the street he took Brass by the hand, and swore if he would but marry both Mrs. Wealthy and lady Manlove, he would not change places with the best lord in the land.

Brass was not less delighted than his cousin at this extraordinary overflow of good fortune, and now declared, that he would undertake to marry them both; upon which Fitzpatrick put his hands round his neck, and was going to kiss him with great
 fury,

fury, but Brads begged to be excused, on account of their being in the presence of so many people; however, Fitzpatrick swore he would go back and give the clerk half a dozen of beer for the good news, and accordingly he returned to the office and presented the clerk with six-pence, and at the same time desired the clerk, if he had ever a commissioner in the custom-house or excise-office to sell, that he would lay one by for him, and he would call for it before the end of the week, assuring him it should be a dozen of beer extraordinary in his way.

Fitzpatrick now looking upon himself as good as a commissioner, in his return to his cousin would not suffer any body to take the wall of him, and having received a few curses from the passengers in the street, he took every

K 5

thing

thing very patiently, assuring them they did not know who they were talking to.

As soon as the hour arrived that Brads was to meet lady Manlove, he repaired to the place of assignation, attended by Fitzpatrick, with whom he had been obliged to enter into a special covenant not to bring him into the presence of lady Manlove, Fitzpatrick declaring he had a particular reason for desiring it.

Soon after Brads was arrived at the bagnio, lady Manlove was introduced to him; our young adventurer failed not to receive her ladyship with all the raptures of sincere love, and tea being prepared by her ladyship's desire, they enjoyed a most agreeable tete a tete.

At

At length Bräfs repaired to Fitzpatrick, and told him he should not have any occasion for him for two or three hours ; Fitzpatrick significantly nodded his head, and immediately departed to the Hold, and Bräfs again returned to the lady.

But as the lovers now locked themselves in the room, we will not intrude upon their privacy ; but, with thy leave reader, we will once more descend into Mr. Spiggott's cellar ; and though we cannot promise to gratify thee either with " Humble Port, " or imperial Tokah," yet we will take Fitzpatrick's word, that thou mayest be regaled with some excellent porter ; or if thou art desirous to exhilarate the heart with a cordial, by the influence of our friend Fitzpatrick, Mr. Spiggott can furnish thee with one, such, perhaps, as thou hast

never drank in thy life before, as Fitzpatrick said by the spirits of wine.

As soon as Fitzpatrick arrived in the Hold, Mr. Spiggott, in obedience to his desire, favoured him with his company, and Fitzpatrick having assured him, that by the time his brewer came, the ten guineas he had obliged him with should likewise be forthcoming, the conversation turned upon Fitzpatrick's manner of living, and Spiggott expressed his surprize, that he would continue in so disgraceful a station as a footman, when he could get his living so much more to his credit and advantage; and added, that he had not been half so good a customer to him as he was before he left off his chair-work.

Fitzpatrick now assured him, he knew very well what he was about,
and

and that, in a few days, he would see a great alteration in him; Mr. Spiggott heartily wished the change might be for his service, and hoped that whatever alteration there was, he would never leave the Hold, at least as long as he kept it.

Fitzpatrick shook him by the hand, and declared he should never be above coming to see his old friends in the Hold; and whispering him in the ear, bid him not be surprized if he should see him stop in his chariot at the gangway in a few days; Mr. Spiggott, could not help doubting the possibility of such a thing ever coming to pass, which put Fitzpatrick into such a rage, that he was upon the point of letting him into the whole secret of his affairs to convince him.

Mr.

Mr. Spiggott now being obliged to leave him, Fitzpatrick determined to cure him of his infidelity, by calling upon him in his equipage; and thinking Brads had by this time prevailed upon lady Manlove to make him a peer, he returned to the bagnio.



CHAP.

C H A P. XIV.

*Wherein our adventurers once more visit
the register-office.*

FITZPATRICK being arrived at the bagnio, Brads shortly after gave him instructions to order a chair. Fitzpatrick having entertained great hopes that the ceremony of his cousin's nuptials was to be performed that night, did not much relish lady Manlove's departure ; but from the joy he perceived in Brads's countenance, he concluded he had succeeded, and that the marriage was to be consummated at her ladyship's house ; this thought reviving his spirits he immediately procured a chair, and Brads soon after handed her ladyship into it,
Fitzpatrick

Fitzpatrick taking care to be invisible.

As soon as lady Manlove was gone, Brads retired to his lodgings, nor did Fitzpatrick stay behind, but, with great palpitation of heart, followed him home; as soon as they were arrived in the council-chamber, and the door fastened, and the keyhole stopped, Brads related the particulars of what had passed betwixt lady Manlove and him, and assured Fitzpatrick that he had used all the protestations of love, constancy and fidelity, he could think of, to induce lady Manlove to put him in immediate possession of her fortune. At first, says he, she seemed very much surprized at the boldness of my request, but being resolved to gain my point, I at length told her ladyship, that if she refused to marry me, I was resolved to

to put an end to my life the next day. That was right, says Fitzpatrick, for to be sure she would not let you kill yourself for love of her. Upon this, says Brads, she began to comply, and at last begged I would give her time to consider of it till to-morrow, and to-morrow morning adds he, you are to go for her ladyship's answer.

Fitzpatrick, for some private reasons, did not like to be the messenger upon this occasion; neither was he overfond of her ladyship's taking time to consider; but Brads telling him that when once a woman came to consider, it was a hundred to one against her; so great was Fitzpatrick's opinion of his cousin's knowledge in these affairs, that he no longer doubted but the next day would see him her ladyship's relation; and he soon after went to his hammock, in full assurance, that
 he

he should the next night swing in it
first cousin to a lord.

Brass having resolved to join hands
with Mrs. Wealthy, and likewise to
marry lady Manlove, he devoted the
time, after he awoke the succeeding
morning, in disposing of the immense
fortune he was so near arriving at;
and though he made no doubt but he
could do justice to both his ladies, in
regard to the conjugal matters, which
he knew was the motive that induced
each of them to consent to a matri-
monial union with him, yet he
thought he should find much more
pleasure in the embraces of an Hiber-
nian nymph, with whom, before he
sat out in search of a fortune, he had
left a manifest pledge of his affection;
therefore he resolved as soon, as he was
in possession of the ladies fortunes,
to return to his own country, and
strengthen

strengthen with Hymeneal bonds that union which was already cemented by love. Soon after Brads had taken this resolution Fitzpatrick arrived, and it being thought adviseable to send to lady Manlove immediately, Fitzpatrick accordingly sat out.

All the way Fitzpatrick went to lady Manlove's, he was in great tribulation about the story he had told her ladyship of his fight and conversation with Mr. Robinson, which he made no doubt her ladyship would not only remember herself, but likewise not fail to put him in mind of it; but Fitzpatrick's greatest apprehension was, lest her ladyship should demand a return of the half guinea, which Fitzpatrick was by no means willing to refund, and sorry he was that he now had it in his pocket; and the nearer he advanced to her ladyship's house,

house, the stronger his fears of being obliged to restore it grew ; and, by the time he arrived at the door, they became so violent, that there seemed to be only one expedient to preserve the half guinea, which was to secure it in some secret place ; for he had, by this time, concluded her ladyship might insist upon searching him. Therefore, he determined to put it into one of his shoes : and, now thinking the half guinea was in no danger of returning into lady Manlove's purse again, he boldly knocked at the door, and, having gained admittance, he sent Brass's compliments up to her ladyship, and desired to know if she had any commands.

During the servant's absence, he employed himself in rehearsing what he had resolved to say to her ladyship, in regard to his combat with old Robinson.

binson. In a short time the servant returned, and brought a letter, with something inclosed, directed to Brass, and told Fitzpatrick he must deliver it to his master. This was a circumstance Fitzpatrick had not dreamt of, therefore the joy he was in from not being called up to her ladyship came with redoubled force; and, having received the letter, he hastened home to his cousin, and made no doubt but he was in possession of Lady Manlove's articles of marriage with Brass.

In high spirits, Fitzpatrick arrived at Brass's lodgings; and holding up the letter, bid him come along with him to the register office. Accordingly Brass obeyed him; and as they went, Brass said it would be worth while for one of them to learn to read and write, to enable them to read their own letters; Fitzpatrick swore that

that before the next week was over his head, he would hire a clerk to do that business for him.

As soon as they were arrived at the register office, Fitzpatrick delivered the letter, and the usual fee, to the clerk, who, without any words, opened it, and read as follows:

“ S I R,

“ AGREEABLE to my promise, I
 “ have considered the proposal you
 “ made me last night ; and the more
 “ I think of it, the more I am surpris-
 “ ed, at your confidence. I will con-
 “ fess, from the report of your in-
 “ genuous servant, I was inclined to
 “ relieve your necessities, and will
 “ also acknowledge I had conceived
 “ a regard for your person ; but never
 “ had the least thought of so great
 “ a con-

“ a condescension as marriage with
 “ you. And, as I now plainly discover
 “ all your protestations, and other
 “ wise artifices, were designed as baits
 “ to ensnare my fortune, I have taken
 “ the resolution never to see you more.
 “ And if, after this declaration, you
 “ should presume to come to my
 “ house, I have given proper orders
 “ for your reception : and, if you
 “ send me any letters, I will return
 “ them unopened. The inclosed, I
 “ hope, will be a sufficient recompence
 “ for what trouble you have had on
 “ my account. I forbear to subscribe
 “ my name, lest you should take ad-
 “ vantage of it to injure my reputa-
 “ tion,

I am, &c.”

The clerk having read the letter,
 unfolded a piece of paper, and de-
 livered Fitzpatrick ten guineas, which
 her

her ladyship had inclosed. During the reading of this letter, Brass betrayed great tokens of disappointment, and, upon the conclusion of it, immediately quitted the office. As for Fitzpatrick, it is impossible to describe his consternation, or enumerate the many shakings his peruke underwent, or the applications he made to the waistband of his breeches. But, before he left the office, he could not refrain from asking the clerk, whether he was sure that he was not mistaken; and the clerk having declared that he would make an affidavit that the contents of the letter were what he had read; Fitzpatrick, with a heavy heart, followed his master; and in so ill a humour was he now, that if it had not been for the pacific disposition of the passengers, it is highly probable not a few engagements would have ensued.

Our

Our disappointed adventurers being again met in Brass's lodgings, they sat some time without exchanging a word. At length, Fitzpatrick declared, forrow would not be of any service to them; and delivering to Brass lady Manlove's fortune, swore, if he had known she had not intended to marry Brass, she should have been two silver candlesticks the worse for it, the night he waited for old Robinson; and concluded with saying, he would be damned if ever he laid a ghost again.

The check Brass had received in his ambitious career, made him reflect upon his imprudence in so early soliciting her ladyship to make him a peer; and he now discovered, that the higher he advanced in his hopes to greatness, the less were his expectations of success; like a pyramid, which

the higher we ascend, the more it lessens ; and, taking Fitzpatrick's counsel, he resolved to bid adieu to sorrow, and think of her ladyship no more.

Having taken this resolution, he now turned his thoughts wholly upon Mrs. Wealthy ; who, Fitzpatrick swore, was worth a hundred ladies ; and declared, if lady Manlove had not sent the ten guineas, he would have sent her, and the story of old Robinson, both to the Devil.

Notwithstanding Brass's resolution to think of lady Manlove no more, yet he could not help regretting the great diminution of the fortune he had proposed to take with him to his own country. However, he determined to revenge the disappointment he had received

ceived from lady Manlove, upon Mrs. Wealthy ; and not only resolved to depart with all the wealth she was in possession of, but likewise to convert every moveable, not excepting her cloaths, into cash ; which he hoped would make him, in some measure, amends for the loss he had sustained in his last adventure.

As Fitzpatrick never failed, upon all occasions of good fortune, to pour forth libations to the fickle goddess with some extraordinary pots of Mr. Spiggott's entire butt ; so he failed not, upon every circumstance of ill luck, to drown the remembrance of his misfortune, by copious draughts of that same sovereign specifick against sorrow and care. But, in spite of all his endeavours, the disappointment still floated in his imagination, and, fore

L 2

against

against his will, he went to hammock this night sober.

As soon as Brads awoke the next morning, he began to deliberate upon a point that had for some time before been the subject of his thoughts, and which he had not yet come to any resolution upon ; but the great change which happened in his circumstances made him now resolve to come to a final determination. This great matter of perplexity, was nothing less, than a strong inclination he found within himself to deprive Fitzpatrick of his share of the lady's fortune whom he should marry.

In his former cogitations upon this matter, he had set aside all the claims of honour, gratitude, friendship and kindred, and the only difficulty that
now

now remained, was, how he could accomplish it with safety; well knowing, that if he should retreat into Ireland, Fitzpatrick would instantly fly there in search of him; and, in consequence, oblige him to perform his contract. And as for going into any other part of the world, he preferred the possession of his proper share in his own country, to his going into any place where he should be an entire stranger.

But a circumstance now occurred to his mind, which had well nigh put a period to his farther intentions of wronging Fitzpatrick; which was, the danger he should be in, when he arrived in Ireland, of being brought to justice by his master, the squire, for the money he had taken. But, being resolved not to

make any division of the expected booty, he determined to go to his native country, and purchase the squire's favour by returning him the money; and to hazard Fitzpatrick's ever finding him again.



CHAP.

C H A P. XV.

*Fitzpatrick relates a marvellous dream
he had.*

SOON after Brass had taken the resolution to fly into his own country, without making any division with his cousin, Fitzpatrick entered, and sat down with as sorrowful a countenance as if he had been conscious of Brass's resolution; and, after half a dozen heavy sighs, he told his cousin, he had been sadly troubled with bad dreams. Poh, poh, says Brass, dreams are always to be taken by their contraries---To be sure, says Fitzpatrick, a bad dream to some people is nothing at all; but, as for me, I have always known by my dream what sort of a day it would

turn out to me. Nay, adds he, I have known a dream foretel how many fares I should have, and as many as I had in my sleep, just so many I have had the next day; but God knows what will be the upshot of this; Lord help me what a night I have had on't. And for God's sake, cousin Brass, says he, do promise me one thing. Brass assured him he would comply with any thing he requested. You know, says Fitzpatrick, you are to meet Mrs. Wealthy to-night, and I suppose she will be for marrying you to-morrow. Now, says he, to-morrow you know is the cross-day, and I am quite sure we shall not prosper in any thing we do on it; therefore I beg you will persuade her to marry you to-night. Brass declared he intended to make sure of her the first moment he could, and therefore he might depend upon it, that by all means he would marry her

her that night. Upon this Fitzpatrick began to recover his spirits. However, his dream still obtruded into his imagination, and prevented a perfect recovery. Brads having complied with his cousin's request, was now desirous to know Fitzpatrick's dream.

O, Lord, says Fitzpatrick, I hope it will never come to pass---and why should it---for I never wronged man, woman, or child, in my born days; and nobody can say that I ever took a sixpenny piece more than my fare; yet for all that, says he, I dreamed last night that I was going to be hanged. Hanged! says Brads. Ay, as sure as you are born, says Fitzpatrick; they had got me into a cart, with my back to the horses tails; and though I crossed myself a thousand times, and said I believe a hundred pater-nosters, yet for all that they carried me to Tyburn.

Lord bless me, I shall never forget what a taking I was in when I came to the gallows, and there was the greatest consternation of people you ever saw. Well, as soon as I came to the gallows, I confessed all my sins to the priest; and, to be sure, he did all he could to get every thing out of me--- But, Lord help you, I had nothing to tell him, only that I had once had some thoughts of taking lady Manlove's two silver candlesticks; but that you know was after we had quarrelled with her, for I was as innocent of such a thing before as the child that is unborn. So after I had told him every thing I knew, he talked a great deal about a crown of glory, and what a charming life I should live when I came to Heaven; but all did not signify, and I could not for the life of me, stand still in the cart. Well, after I had done with the priest, I
 thought

thought Jack Ketch put a halter about my neck, and then, sure enough, I made water in the hammock ; so after he had fixed the noose under my left ear, and tied me up to the gallows, I felt the cart begin to move under me, and just as it was leaving me, with my feet standing upon nothing, luckily I awaked, and found myself all over in a cold sweat. Now I will be judged by you, says he, if this is not a very bad dream.

The danger Fitzpatrick had been in of going to Heaven, only occasioned a fit of laughter to Brads, which Fitzpatrick did not take kindly of him, and told him, for all he laughed at it, it might be his own case before he died.

By the time Fitzpatrick had finished his dream, the time drew near when Brads was to meet Mrs. Wealthy,

and while he prepared himself for his nuptials, Fitzpatrick went to Mr. Spiggott's, to wash away the remembrance of the long journey he had been so near taking, and succeeded so well, that on his return, he was able to smile at the damage his hammock had received in his adventure with Jack Ketch.

The wished-for hour being at length come, Brass and Fitzpatrick sat out to meet Mrs. Wealthy at the bagnio; and as they went, Fitzpatrick desired his cousin would, before his marriage, put Mrs. Wealthy in mind of the hundred pounds she owed them; for who knows, says he, whether she may not think, by giving us all her wealth in marriage, that she is clear of that debt, and so cheat us of the hundred pound. Before Brass had time to reply, they were arrived at
the

the bagnio, where Brass found the bride's desires had outstript his, and reached the place of assignation before him.

Our young adventurer being introduced to Mrs. Wealthy, they immediately flew to each other's arms, and after a tender embrace, Mrs. Wealthy told Brass, that she had now a heart wholly at his service, and hoped the fortune she was mistress of would make it worth his acceptance. Brass assured her, that if she had not a farthing in the world he should think himself happy in sharing his own fortune with her, and which, he added, was sufficient to enable them to live very genteelly without any addition; upon which the lady declared her affection was so far from being influenced by any fortune he might have,
that

that she should not think of enquiring into it.

Having thus mutually declared their affections were entirely disinterested, they renewed their former protestations of eternal love, which gave Brads an opportunity to express his desire of the marriage ceremony's being performed that evening. But Mrs. Wealthy assured him, that, though she was equally desirous with him to complete their happiness with all expedition, yet, she said, it was impossible the ceremony of their nuptials could be performed that night, on account of the necessity there was for a licence. Brads, who was not apprised of this requisite, resolved, however, to prevent her passing judgment upon his ignorance, and told her, with a smile, he had been only in jest to see how far she

was

was in earnest. Mrs. Wealthy gently chid him for having any doubt of her sincerity; and, to confirm her inclinations to bestow herself upon him, she told him, that as her husband was so lately dead, it would be proper to keep their marriage for some time private; therefore, says she, I have been this afternoon to a friend, whom I can confide in, to let me have a part of her house for a week or so, till we can fix upon a house that will be agreeable to us, and which she has consented to; for you know, continues she, it would not be proper for us to reside in my former house, at least at present; and indeed, concluded she, I do not like the situation of it, therefore we will, in a day or two, make enquiry for one that we shall both like.

This

This confirmed Brads's opinion that there was no danger of meeting with a disappointment in this adventure, and he already, in his mind, began to rummage his old predecessor's coffers. Brads having listened, with great pleasure and attention, to the design Mrs. Wealthy had planned for the celebration of their nuptials, they next fixed the time of their marriage, which was obliged to be deferred till Friday, on account of procuring a licence.

Having settled this affair, they next sat down to a supper Brads had ordered; which being ended, the licence became next the subject of conversation; and, Brads declaring himself a stranger to the method of procuring such things, it was agreed that Mrs. Wealthy should send an attorney of her acquaintance to him the next morning,

morning, in conjunction with whom Brads promised to have the licence ready by the time they had agreed to join their hands in the holy state of matrimony.

Having now settled every thing they imagined would be requisite to the completion of their wishes, they passed some time in proving those joys which youth, love, and vigour, only can taste. At length the lady, though unwilling, declared they must part, as her absence so soon after her husband's death might furnish the tongue of scandal with means to injure her fame. Accordingly, they broke from their tender embraces, and, after they had appointed to meet at the same place early on Friday morning, Brads handed her into a chair.

With

With great impatience Fitzpatrick waited for the hour that was to deliver Brads and Mrs. Wealthy into the hands of the parson, to incorporate them into one flesh; and, when he found a supper was ordered for them, he was in great anxiety lest the parson should be gone to bed, the consequence of which would oblige them to be married on the cross day: under this apprehension, he was several times going to put Brads in mind, how fast the time slipped away; but, however, he restrained himself, with a resolution, at all events, to knock the parson up. At length, finding Mrs. Wealthy departed by herself, he sweated with fear, lest this had turned out the second part of their last adventure; and following his cousin to his lodgings, Brads there related the particulars of his conversation with Mrs. Wealthy, and

and the reason the wedding had not taken effect that night. At the conclusion, Fitzpatrick sent forth a few curses against the first inventor of licences ; and though he was not at all pleased with the delay, yet he thought it much better than if they had been married on the cross-day.

As Brads had not mentioned a word about the hundred pounds, Fitzpatrick began to fear it had miscarried. However, being resolved to know the worst, he asked Brads if he had spoke to her about it ; Brads assured him it had entirely slipped his memory ; to be sure, says Fitzpatrick, when we have got all she has, we may let her keep that trifle, for I dare say we shall never have it. As it now began to be late, Brads declared his resolution to go to rest, and Fitzpatrick repaired

paired to the Hold, to lay in a quantity of entire, for the ensuing cross-day.

Agreeable to Mrs. Wealthy's promise to Brass, the next day she sent him an attorney, whom he attended to Doctors Commons, and soon received an authority to marry Mrs. Wealthy; and, being now happily arrived within sight of the wished-for port, he disposed of the remainder of the day in planning an escape with his booty to the Hibernian shore; and remained fixed in his determination, not to make any division of the spoil with Fitzpatrick.

As for Fitzpatrick, it being cross-day, he resolved not to adventure in any thing; and accordingly, remained in his cabin all the day, amusing him-

himself with making calculations of the immense fortune he should be in possession of upon his cousin's marriage; to which we will leave him till the next chapter.



CHAP.

C H A P. XVI.

Wherein Brads arrives at that happiness which was foretold him by the witch he met with in the beginning of his adventures --- which concludes these memoirs.

“ S C A R C E had the rosy morn
 “ began to spread her smiling
 “ looks in the eastern quarter of the
 “ skies, and the flowers of the field
 “ to disclose their bloomy folds, and
 “ raise their fragrant heads,” when
 Brads arose and hailed his nuptial day.
 Nor did Fitzpatrick, like a sluggard,
 need an officious hand to cut his ham-
 mock down, and leave him sprawling
 on the floor. But early turned out,
 and with face clean shaved, and caxon
 powdered, soon appeared before his
 cousin.

The

The long wished-for hour being at length arrived, Brass, with a bridegroom's haste, repaired to the bagnio. Nor was the blooming widow of the deceased Mr. Wealthy, tardy to meet her lover, but in a few minutes arrived in a chair, and flew to his arms. No obstacle now intervening to delay the gratifications of their wishes, they hurried over a slight repast; for, even Brass's appetite now forsook him; and, like the critick, after his painful labour in perusing this performance, was overjoyed to find himself so near the period he had so long wished for.

Breakfast being ended, and a coach attending them, the lovers stepped into it; and Fitzpatrick having taken his place behind it, they were drove a few miles into the country; and, in a short time, the irrevocable sentence
was

was pronounced over them by the high priest of the temple of Hymen ; and Brads had full authority to propagate future fortune-hunters, and heirs to his industry. Vain were the attempt to describe the transports of this happy pair, on finding themselves in possession of their ultimate hopes : let thy fancy, gentle reader, supply our defects, and imagine what joys a blooming widow must experience, when just escaped from the cold arms of age, infirmity, and impotence, to those of youth, vigour, and love ; think what raptures our young adventurer must prove, in the possession of the only requisite wanting to raise him from obscurity to gentility. And lastly, if thou canst, think what joy Fitzpatrick felt, on finding himself lifted from the humble calling of a chairman, to the exalted station of a commissioner.

As soon as the ceremony was over, Brass and his bride returned in the coach again to town, and it was with some difficulty that Fitzpatrick prevailed upon himself to carry on the deception of being his cousin's footman any longer; but at length he resolved to act consistent with his yellow coat, till he received his share of the lady's fortune, and once more mounted behind the coach; and so elate was he with his good fortune, that he neither remembered his fears of old Robinson, nor the terror he was in when Jack Ketch tied him up to the gallows; but whistled and sung all the way most melodiously, to the great delectation of Brass and his bride, as well as the passengers.

The coach being again arrived in town, stopped at a house of genteel appearance near Red-Lion Square, where

Brass and his lady were introduced into a very elegant apartment, and in a short time were entertained with a genteel dinner, after which they spent the afternoon in planning out their future course of life; and Brass's lady declared, that as soon as they had fixed upon a house to reside in, she would have all her furniture, which was very valuable, removed into it, and that as the fortune Mr. Wealthy had left her was chiefly in the stocks, their first business was the next day to get it transferred into Brass's name, after receiving what would be necessary for their present occasions.

This intelligence was exceeding grateful to Brass, and he resolved, as soon as he was in possession of the Furniture, and his wife's fortune transferred into his name, to convert the one into a portable compass, and with the other

other transfer himself into Ireland ; however, like Fitzpatrick, he resolved to keep up the deception till he was in possession of it ; and assured his lady that he would leave her furniture and fortune entirely to her management.

The hour of consummation being come, the lady retired, and Brads repaired to Fitzpatrick, and told him the greatest part of the intelligence he had received, which sat him in an uproar of joy, and he begged of Brads, that, when he was receiving the money from the stocks, to think of the ten guineas he was to pay Mr. Spiggott the next day; Brads assured him he would not forget it, and desired him to come to him early the next morning : Fitzpatrick told him, that nothing but death should keep him ; but, says he, I have one thing to desire of you, which is, that you will let

me have my share of the fortune all in guineas, not in any kind of paper or outlandish money, because I shall not be able, you know, to tell how much I am worth else. Brass declared he should have it just as he liked best; upon which Fitzpatrick shook him by the hand and left him. Brass, on his cousin's departure, followed his bride into the bed-chamber prepared for them; where, reader, we will leave them, not having any authority to enter so sacred a place.

On Fitzpatrick's quitting Brass he immediately went to the Hold, and and now unfolded to Mr. Spiggott the whole affair of his cousin's marriage, and assured him, that on the next day he should have a return of the ten guineas, and likewise see him, before the end of the week, a commissioner in the Custom-house; for so he had at length

length determined to be. Though Mr. Spiggott did not doubt Fitzpatrick's honesty, yet he could not believe that he was so near arriving at a commissioner's place ; and notwithstanding all Fitzpatrick could say, he was obliged to leave him in his infidelity.

From the languid countenance of the bride when she arose the next morning, and from the paleness which was predominant in her complexion, we are inclined to think she had but a bad night's rest ; as for Brads, he, like Ovid, of boastful memory, was all life and activity, and with the assistance of Fitzpatrick dressed himself to accompany his bride to the office, where her fortune was to be transferred to him.

During the time Brads was dressing, Fitzpatrick enquired of him, whether he could tell how much they should share betwixt them; Brads declared he had not asked his lady any thing about it, lest she should have some suspicion of his circumstances, but from what he could gather from her, he said Mr. Wealthy died very rich, and that he had left every thing he had to her, except a small sum for mourning to his sister; upon this, says Fitzpatrick, rubbing his hands with great eagerness, how long might I have carried the chair from one end of the town to the other, before I had got half the money I am now worth! Well, says he, it was a lucky thing that ever you found me out. Fitzpatrick was now summoned into the kitchen to carry up the breakfast things, and Brads repaired to his bride.

In

In a short time, Fitzpatrick, with a chocolate pot in one hand, and a plate of muffins in the other, sat out for the breakfast-room, and having almost reached the door, he heard somebody coming up stairs after him, and looking back to see who it was, he suddenly turned pale, and in a moment's time, the muffins and chocolate-pot were so much agitated, that they were in the utmost danger of falling from his hands; the nearer the person who was coming up stairs advanced to him, the stronger his terror grew, and at length, dropping the chocolate-pot and muffins, he burst into the room where Brass and his lady were sat, and running up to Brass, cried out, Lord have mercy on us, he is coming--- Brass asking who was coming?---O, says he, a ghost--- it's just now at the door. By the time

Fitzpatrick had uttered these words, in came Mr. Wealthy.

As soon as Brads had cast his eyes upon him, he was almost as much frightened as Fitzpatrick, and with great surprize, alternately looked upon his bride and Mr. Wealthy, while Fitzpatrick, having fast hold of his coat, was kneeling at his side.

Mr. Wealthy seeing Brads and his man struck speechless with surprize and fear, in a complaisant manner begged Brads would not be surprized, and at the same time told him, he understood that he was married to that lady, and that he had brought him his bill for a twelvemonth's board and lodging for her; and concluded with hoping he would discharge it.

As

As soon as Mr. Wealthy had done speaking, two more gentlemen entered, one being a mercer, and the other a haberdasher, each of whom likewise presented Brass with too long bills, which they said contained the particulars of what his lady was indebted to them in. Brass being yet deprived of the use of his tongue, his lady spoke for him, and told her creditors, she was much obliged to them for their very early visit.

Brass having a little recovered himself, asked his lady what the gentlemen meant? ---- Lord, my dear, says she, only too or three little bills I owe them; if you have so much money in your pocket pray discharge them, and I can assure them they have had the last of my custom: pray gentlemen, continues she, what may these great demands amount to; the

three bills being added together, produced the sum of one hundred and forty pounds.

Brafs was by this time come to himself again, and imagining he had money enough in the stocks, he mildly assured the tradesmen he had not at present so much money about him ; upon which the lady bid them come again in the afternoon and they should be paid. The mercer and haberdasher both declared, they would not take her word for a remnant of silk, or a sixpenny ribband, but that if the gentleman would give his word to pay them in the afternoon they would be content. The bride being exasperated at this speech, immediately applied to the tea-things before her, and began to pelt them with the cups and saucers. Brafs imagining this might aggravate the tradesmen, he pacified them

them with an assurance that he was just going to receive some money from the stocks, and that, if they would come in the afternoon, they should be paid; upon this they all took their leave. As soon as these unwelcome visitants were gone, the lady desired Fitzpatrick would retire.

Fitzpatrick being departed, Brass's lady told him, that as what she was going to inform him of, must shortly appear, she would take that opportunity to relate her circumstances to him; and immediately declared, that every thing she had said about her marriage to Mr. Wealthy, and the fortune he had left, was all false: she next told him, that she had been ruined two years ago by a gentleman who had left her, and that she had taken this method to make herself some amends, and assured him,

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that

that she had no other fortune than what she had upon her back; and concluded with saying, that, as he had declared his love was entirely disinterested, she hoped his knowledge of her circumstances would make no difference betwixt them. Upon the conclusion of this woeful relation, Brass rose from his chair, and, with his arms folded, traversed the room with a most unpleasant countenance.

During the time he walked up and down the room, he revolved in his mind many schemes to escape the destruction that threatened him, and at length resolved to put a good face upon this unexpected discovery, and to put off his wife's creditors till the succeeding Monday; by which time he resolved to leave London, and try his fortune somewhere else.

Having come to this resolution, he again sat down by his lady, and told her,

her, that if circumstances were as she had related, they must make the best of them. The bride's heart being now at ease, and, as she imagined, her husband reconciled; she renewed her former fondness, which was now as agreeable to Brass as the pawings of a Bear.

Fitzpatrick having taken the liberty to listen at the door, soon heard the commissioner's place and he were not likely to be acquainted; and by the time Brass had resolved to leave the town, and go in search of a fortune somewhere else, he likewise came to the resolution to quit London, and once more go and swab the decks.

In the afternoon Brass's three creditors, for so they now were, waited upon him; our young adventurer, with great composure, assured them he had
been

been out all the morning in expectation of receiving money, but that he had been disappointed, and begged they would come again on Monday, and they should certainly be paid. Mr. Wealthy made answer, he was sorry a gentleman, as he seemed to be, should be guilty of such a falsehood; for that he had been at the public house over the way, all the morning, and was sure he had never been out. This intelligence quite confounded Brass. But, says Mr. Wealthy, I suppose it is one of your lady's arts, for I know she has a fruitful invention; and I believe, by her persuasions, I have been, though innocently, instrumental in many of her intrigues; and, if I do not mistake, says he, your acquaintance with her began at Ranelagh, one night that she had persuaded me and my wife to go with her; and if she has made use of me,

in

in any shape to deceive you, I am sorry for it. As for my wife and she, says he, they have never agreed since, though I do not know what is the meaning of it. However, continues he, I hope you will not take it ill that I choose to secure the debt.

Mr. Wealthy having finished his speech, and the other creditors having expressed themselves to the last-mentioned purpose, a bailiff, accompanied by his follower, entered, and executed his office upon Brads. As soon as the officer appeared, Brad's dissimulation left him, and, giving his lady two or three very hearty damns, departed with the bailiff.

Immediately upon the officer's arresting Brad, Fitzpatrick pulled off his coat and waistcoat, and prepared to engage the bailiff; but Brad's
 plaintiffs,

plaintiffs, though with much difficulty, held him upon the floor till his cousin was gone ; but, as soon as he was at liberty, he vented his rage against his new relation ; and, gathering up his coat and waistcoat, he stood some time with them held over her head, and was in the very action of beating her with them ; but, suddenly reflecting that it might disgrace his manhood to strike her, he contented himself with grating his teeth at her, and bidding the Devil fire her. After which he sat out to the Spunging-house ; and so much was he disordered in his mind, that he forgot to put on his coat and waistcoat, but went there with them in his arms.

Braß being arrived at the Spunging House, by the advice of the officer, sent for the attorney whom his lady had recommended to him to procure
the

the licence for his marriage, who in a short time obeyed the summons : the attorney finding Brads could neither pay the debt, nor procure bail, advised him, as the only thing to prevent his going to Newgate, to turn himself over to the Fleet ; and comforted him with an assurance, that, in about six or seven years, an act of insolvency was expected, at which time he might again have his liberty ; and farther told him, that if he was a good fives player, he might in the mean time maintain himself very well.

Brads resolved to follow the attorney's advice, and go to the Fleet ; and, having been informed of the charges of his removal there, he found lady Manlove's bounty, after deducting all the fees of his marriage, and the fees of removing him to the Fleet, would be reduced to about five guineas,

neas, which was all he had to subsist upon, excepting his industry, during the time of his imprisonment; however, there was no remedy, and he was accordingly, that night, conducted to the Fleet, where his faithful friend Fitzpatrick continued with him, till the turnkey told him the hour of locking up was come, at which time he shook Brads by the hand; and at the same time, with the flap of his coat, wiped away the tears which plentifully flowed down his cheeks. To complete our hero's adventures, we must inform our readers, that Mr. Measure, in a few days, lodged an action against him for fifteen pounds.

Fitzpatrick, being quite stupified with sorrow, upon leaving his cousin did not know which way to turn, or where

where to go; but, however, at length he found his legs had of their own accord, carried him to the Hold. Fitzpatrick finding himself at the cellar door, leaned his back against a post near it, where he remained about an hour, in high debate with himself whether he should venture down or not, and at last, resolved to go and lay himself at Mr. Spiggott's mercy; accordingly, he descended into the cellar, and related to Mr. Spiggott the various transactions and misfortunes of the day.

Mr. Spiggott having heard the whole affair, and thoroughly considered the matter, told Fitzpatrick, that upon condition he would again return to his chair-work, and pay him the ten guineas, at the rate of five shillings a week, he would be satisfied.

fied. This Fitzpatrick faithfully promised; and he has since been frequently heard to swear, that he will never go a commissioner - hunting again. And if, reader, thou shouldst have occasion for a chair from the play-house, at any time, we beg leave to recommend Fitzpatrick to thee, and we can assure thee thou mayest find him either under the piazzas in Covent Garden, or in the Hold.

As for Brass's lady, she for some time carried on business in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden. But as Fitzpatrick bears an irreconcilable hatred to her, whenever he happens to meet her, though he should at the time be sweating under a heavy fare, yet he always sets down, and salutes her with the best the kennel affords, so that she has lately removed.

Before

Before we take our leave of thee, reader, we cannot forbear expressing our hopes, that thou wilt not be displeased at the manner in which we have terminated our hero's adventures; it is true, we have deviated from the steps of other biographers, and historians, who always finish their hero's career, with bringing him to the goal of happiness; but, in our opinion, misery is the natural conclusion of such adventures, and punishment, which Plutarch calls the medicine of the soul, the best remedy to reclaim such vain adventurers. However, to gratify those who may think otherwise, we will conclude this performance after the manner of Mr. Gay's Beggar's Opera.

Let the reader suppose Mrs. Wealthy to be the person she pretended she was, and let the rabble call out a reprieve, a reprieve,

reprieve, and bring Brads back in triumph to his wife ; which will make him a gentleman, and Fitzpatrick a commissioner. So all will end happily.

F I N I S.



